THE PELICAN BRIEF

Screenplay by

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adapted from the novel by
John Grisham

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FIRST DRAFT

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1 The SCREEN is BLACK. 1

THE FIRST SOUNDS: Epithets and SCREAMS of hate, a CACOPHONY of fury.

FADE IN:

FIRST IMAGE

Whites, Blacks, Browns, Indians, Women, Gays, Tree Lovers, Christians, Abortion Activists, Nazis, Atheists, Hunters, Animal Lovers, Farmers, heckling, chanting, screaming, fighting.

The CAMERA, low, like a child, ZIGZAGS THROUGH this sea of rage TO an unyielding line of police, and BURSTS THROUGH their outstretched clubs, TO REVEAL, like some mirage above, the Supreme Court, FRAMED AGAINST the sky.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
Any of those signs got my name on 'em?

2 INT. SUPREME COURT OFFICE - DAY 2

JUSTICE ROSENBERG, an ancient man, sits in a wheelchair, watching through a window. GRAY GRANTHAM, a mid-thirtyish journalist, stands beside him.

GRANTHAM
Quite a few.

ROSENBERG
What do they say?

GRANTHAM
The usual. Death to Rosenberg. Retire Rosenberg. Cut off the oxygen.

ROSENBERG
(chuckling)
That's my favorite.
(squinting at Grantham)
Of course, you did pretty good by me your last time out: 'Rosenberg equals government over business, the individual over government, the environment over everything.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

ROSENBERG (CONT'D)
And the Indians, give 'em whatever they want.'

GRANTHAM
That wasn't my line, sir. It was a quote.

ROSENBERG
From one of your unnamed Senior White House Officials. Senior White House son of a bitch you should have said! Got in there by whipping up these people, one against the other. Never fails to amaze me what a man will do to get an oval office.

GRANTHAM
There's a report, sir, that your doctor is urging you to resign.

Rosenberg's rheumy, old eyes look straight up at Grantham's.

ROSENBERG
Son, the present senior White House official is not appointing my successor, if I have to have my mummy sittin' on the bench. I'm going to sit here in this wheelchair and gasp my oxygen and protect the Indians, the blacks, the women, the poor, the handicapped and the environment --
(chuckling)
Oh, yes, and let's not forget The Constitution. And only the Senior Official in the Sky can do one damned thing about it.

MAN (V.O.)
We saw today, on the steps of what should be our most cherished building, --

3 INT. TULANE LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - WIDE ANGLE OF PROFESSOR CALLAHAN - DAY 3

CALLAHAN is about forty-five but could pass for ten years younger.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

CALLAHAN
On what should be our most cherished day, the day the Supreme Court of our land goes into session, what is happening to our Founding Fathers' dream. Abortion clinics bombed, doctors attacked and beaten, gays attacked by people who dare call themselves Christians, churches attacked by militant gays, white supremacists attacking Blacks, Hispanics, Asians. America's favorite pastime now is hate.

4 INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASS - CLOSE ON DARBY SHAW - DAY 4

An attractive young girl. She looks at her professor with pride and admiration.

CALLAHAN (V.O.)
This is the country blessed with the greatest gift of governance bestowed on any peoples: The Constitution. It's an appropriate day to be exploring a dissenting opinion of Justice Rosenberg, the last of the great judicial activists.

The sound of the SEA washes over her. And then a muffled ENGINE HUM. The HUM grows LOUDER.

5 EXT. COAST OF NORTH CAROLINA - NIGHT 5

A small craft floats in the direction of the pier, a camouflaged silhouette crouching low, working the motor. The HUM stops. The craft stalls thirty feet from the pier.

6 EXT. COAST OF NORTH CAROLINA - WIDE ANGLE - OLD MAN - NIGHT 6

A man dressed like an old farmer, with straw hat, bib, etc., looking towards the ENGINE sound. He places a cigarette between his lips.

MAN IN THE BOAT (V.O.)
What kind of cigarette?

OLD MAN
Lucky Strike.

7 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT 7

The old man climbs in on the driver's side. The other door opens and a black Adidas gym bag is thrown onto the seat. The man from the boat climbs in beside it. He has a heavy beard, dark glasses, and wears a black turtleneck. He takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. They have an intensity we won't forget.

8 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAWN 8

The truck stops at the corner of Thirty-First and M streets in Georgetown. The man from the boat grabs his gym bag and hits the sidewalk.

9 EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL (WASHINGTON D.C.) - EARLY MORNING 9

The man from the boat enters.

10 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL (WASHINGTON D.C.) - HALLWAY - CLOSE ON ROOM DOOR - DAY 10

A dark-complected hand knocks on the door.

VOICE FROM INSIDE (V.O.)
Yes?

11 INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY 11

The Man from the boat stands at the door.

MAN FROM BOAT
(in perfect English)
Looking for Mr. Sneller.

12 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 12

A distinguished middle-aged MAN stands at the door.

MAN
Mr. Sneller?

MAN FROM BOAT (V.O.)
Yes. Edwin F. Sneller.

13 INT. HALLWAY - CLOSE ON MAN FROM BOAT - DAY 13

The sound of PAPER being SLID across carpet. The man looks down.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

MAN'S POV

of envelope eased from under the door.

BACK TO SCENE

CAMERA PANS UP TO the Man as he picks up the envelope and opens it.

There is a memorandum and a key inside.

He walks to the room next door. A copy of The Washington Post lies in front of the door. He puts the key in the door, picks up the paper and enters.

14 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 14

The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

SNELLER (V.O.)
Everything's in place.

MAN
All the money must be there when I arrive in Zurich.

SNELLER (V.O.)
It will be there, if the job is finished.

MAN
It will be finished.

He hangs up and stretches out on the bed with the paper.

INSERT - WASHINGTON POST - FRONT PAGE

A formal photograph of the Supreme Court Justices above a story about the first day of its new session. The story is by Gray Grantham.

The caption below the photograph identifies the youngish man next to Rosenberg as Justice Jensen. The subheading of the story is: JENSEN THE WILDCARD.

CLOSE SHOT - MAN FROM BOAT

Reading. A mischievous smile crosses his face.

15 EXT. ROSENBERG HOUSE - NIGHT 15

A nice Georgetown House.

A plainclothes man sits outside the house. CAMERA MOVES PAST him TO a lighted window on the ground floor, and then MOVES THROUGH the window.

16 INT. ROSENBERG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 16

Justice Rosenberg is asleep in a special hospital bed. A male nurse lowers the lights and draws the drapes.

He sits down in a chair, reaches for a mouse, and turns ON the TELEVISION. He flicks the channels until he comes to "STUDS": Women and men telling semi-prurient tales about their dating.

CAMERA MOVES INTO the face of the male nurse, intent on the program; a closet door in back of him inches open.

The nurse's face breaks into a delighted smile at some lewd comment.

The tip of a gun APPEARS ON the SIDE OF the SCREEN next to his head. The smile freezes; his face falls OUT OF FRAME. A dull thud as the head hits the floor.

CAMERA PANS OVER TO the old justice on the bed. Blood trickles from his mouth, his eyes closed now in eternal sleep.

17 EXT. ROSENBERG HOUSE - BACK DOOR - NIGHT 17

Door opens stealthily. A man in running shorts and Reeboks, clean-shaven, short blond hair under a cap, slides out.

18 EXT. GEORGETOWN BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 18

The man runs TOWARDS CAMERA. He stops for a moment to look back. He turns back TO CAMERA, his eyes fill the screen, the eyes of the man from the boat. An instant, and he's gone.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the alley. No sound except from the TV set of a neighboring house:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
The latest polls do not look good for the President. With the first primaries just months away, his approval rating continues on its downward spiral.

19 EXT. MOVIE THEATER TICKET BOOTH (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - CLOSEUP - TICKET - NIGHT 19

As a male hand scoops it up.

20 INT. MOVIE THEATRE - SPARSELY-FILLED BALCONY (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - NIGHT 20

All men. The ecstatic all-male GROANS and GRUNTS that emanate from the sceen indicate the kind of film that holds their interest.

A man in a fedora and sunglasses walks down the aisle and sits in a corner, away from the others. He takes off the hat and sunglasses revealing a face we saw in the picture in the Post: Justice Jensen, the wild card of the Court.

A bag of popcorn falls INTO VIEW ABOVE his head, as someone sits down in the seat above.

CAMERA PANS UP TO the bag of popcorn sitting on a tight-jeaned lap. A strand of yellow nylon ski rope is wrapped like a belt from around the waist.

A familiar dark-complected hand reaches into the bag of popcorn. CAMERA FOLLOWS the popcorn-filled hand TO the new man's face. He sports an earring, horn-rimmed shades, and a mustache. CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSE SHOT of his eyes, the eyes of the man from the boat.

CAMERA MOVES DOWN WITH the man's hand as it reaches down to the popcorn bag again. This time the hand goes under the popcorn bag and pulls the strand of yellow nylon ski rope from his waist.

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO Jensen's face below, fixated on the screen and the magnified sounds of lust.

The nylon rope loops just under his larynx with a violent wrench. The rope yanks downward, snapping the head over the back of the seat. The neck breaks cleanly.

CAMERA PANS UP TO the seat above. It is empty.

21 CLOSE SHOT - LAMINATED WHITE HOUSE PASS 21

An I.D. photograph of an old black man; next to his name, JOHN SARGENT. The I.D. specifies he is a White House Janitor.

CAMERA PANS UP TO Time Clock at 4:45 A.M.

OFFICER IN THE BOOTH (O.S.)
How ya doin', Sarge?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ENTRANCE BOOTH - VERY EARLY MORNING

The OFFICER IN THE BOOTH hands the I.D. back to the old black man.

SARGE (JOHN SARGENT; OLD BLACK MAN)
No complaints.

CAMERA PANS WITH Sarge as he trudges up the driveway.

CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY LEFT to reveal the White House. The lights in the Oval Office pop on.

MAN (V.O.)
They found Rosenberg around 1:00 A.M.

22 WIDE ANGLE - OVAL OFFICE - VERY EARLY MORNING 22

The President sits behind his desk. COAL, his Chief of Staff, faces him.

COAL
His nurse was also murdered. Jensen was found in some queer club two hours later. Voyles called me, wildly uspet. This is hardly good for the reputation of the F.B.I. He and Gminski are on the way.

PRESIDENT
Gminski?

COAL
The C.I.A. should be included, at least for now. I suggest you address the nation in a couple of hours. We have to wait 'til daylight, at least seven, if we want an audience. A coat and tie at 7 A.M. may seem a bit rehearsed. How about a cardigan?

PRESIDENT
You want me to address the nation in this hour of crisis in a sweater?

COAL
It's Rally Round the Leader time. Your approval ratings will go through the roof.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

COAL (CONT'D)
I've called Justice and instructed them to begin a preliminary list of nominees. The restructuring of the court will be your legacy.

Directors VOYLES and GMINSKI enter.

PRESIDENT
Any suspects?

VOYLES
Too early. We'll have ballistics and autopsies by late this afternoon.

PRESIDENT
I would like a report on your security and where it broke down.

VOYLES
You're assuming it broke down, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT
We have two dead judges, both of whom were being protected by the F.B.I.
(turning to Gminski)
Bob, I wans a straight answer. Are these killings in any way linked to any agency, operation, group, whatever, of the United States Government?

GMINSKI
I'm shocked you would even think it.

PRESIDENT
Rosenberg did not believe in national security. He made thousands of enemies in intelligence. Just check it out, okay.

GMINSKI
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

COAL
I suggest we meet here at five this afternoon, gentlemen. Is that agreeable?

Gminski and Voyles nod.

23 CLOSE SHOT - CLOSED EYES OF DARBY SHAW 23

As the first rays of morning sunlight fall over them.

INT. CALLAHAN'S BEDROOM (FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS) - EARLY MORNING

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO a FULL SHOT of her, snuggled against the sleeping figure of Callahan.

From French doors opening onto a balcony of a TV set across the courtyard:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States.

Darby opens her eyes, reaches over to the bedside table for the mouse and TURNS ON the TELEVISION.

DARBY'S POV - TELEVISION SET ACROSS FROM BED

The President sits behind the desk in a brown cardigan with no tie.

DARBY (O.S.)
Thomas! Wake up!

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY AND CALLAHAN

Callahan sits up, rubbing his eyes. He has all the symptoms of a man with a hangover.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
Last night, a night that like Pearl Harbor, shall live in infamy, Supreme Court Justices Rosenberg and Jensen were assassinated.

CALLAHAN
(heartbroken)
Rosenberg? Murdered?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

DARBY AND CALLAHAN'S POV - TELEVISION SCREEN - DAY

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
I can assure each and every American that everything is being and will be done to bring the culprit or culprits to justice.

24 EXT. BALCONY OUTSIDE CALLAHAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING 24

Callahan and Darby, now dressed, are having coffee.

CALLAHAN
Half a lifetime later and we're back in Dallas.

DARBY
Obviously, someone or some group wants a different court. The election is next year. A president at least halfway closer to the center may be elected President. Why take a chance on his nominations? Kill them now, a year before the election.

CALLAHAN
But why Jensen? He was nominated by this administration. In most issues, he is one hundred and eighty degrees from Rosenberg.
(rising)
I need a bloody mary.

DARBY
Don't you think you had enough last night?

CALLAHAN
I can not bear to look at this world sober.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER TO Darby's face, frustrated and concerned.

25 LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.) 25
All passengers on Air France Concord Flight to Paris please board at Gate 1.

INT. DULLES AIRPORT - PASSENGER LOUNGE - MORNING

Sedate, well-dressed passengers in first-class lounge as they rise and exit TOWARDS CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

A conservatively-dressed businessman walks TOWARDS us, clean-shaven, his hair a nondescript brownish color. He stops, waiting for the couple in front of him to collect their bags. The CAMERA MOVES INTO his eyes, the eyes of The Man In The Boat.

26 26

VOYLES (V.O.)
Whoever did the actual killings was fed a lot of information.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

The President is having his 5:00 P.M. with Gminski, Coal, and a miserable-looking Voyles.

PRESIDENT
Such as?

VOYLES
Such as that Jensen had become expert at avoiding F.B.I. protection, and that Rosenberg had refused a security system in his house, and kept our boys outside.

COAL
You're suggesting a conspiracy.

PRESIDENT
Then who are the conspirators? Who are your suspects?

VOYLES
This must be kept very quiet.

COAL
Of course it's confidential. You're in the Oval Office.

Voyles gives Coal a look that says, "And <u>you</u> know that's the problem."

VOYLES
We know of at least eleven members of the Underground Army who've been in the D.C. area for a week. We suspect them in at least a hundred bombings of abortion clinics, A.C.L.U. offices, porno houses, gay clubs, all over the country.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

VOYLES (CONT'D)
And there's an Aryan group called White Resistance we've been watching. The leader was spotted Monday in the demonstration outside the Court.

GMINSKI
The truth is you don't have a prime suspect at the moment, just a few good possibilities.

PRESIDENT
You mean we may never know who did it.

27 INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 27

The doors to The Oval Office open. Voyles and Gminski enter into the hallway. They pass Sarge, the old black man, cleaning.

28 CLOSEUP - COMPUTER PRINTOUT 28

of the Supreme Court's docket.

WIDE ANGLE - CLUTTERED STUDY CARREL - LATE AFTERNOON

on the fifth level of the Tulane Law Library. Darby Shaw stands between racks of seldom-used law books scanning the printout.

29 DARBY'S POV - COMPUTER AND COMPUTER SCREEN - NIGHT 29

INT. TULANE LAW SCHOOL LIBRARY - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Darby pecks away at the keyboard, finds what she wants.

30 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT 30

Darby stands at a PRINTER as it SPEWS forth page after page.

CLOSEUP - PAGES

the printer is spewing forth. Page after page of appeals pending in the eleven federal appellate courts around the country.

31 INT. TULANE LAW SCHOOL LIBRARY - STUDY CARREL - NIGHT 31

Darby places a six-inch thick summary of the eleven dockets on her desk.

She kicks off her shoes and she begins to plow through the printouts.

32 32

EVANGELIST (V.O.)
The Justice Rosenbergs are today's Anti-Christs, committed to the rights of criminals, atheists, agnostics, and the perverted, those the devil has possessed.

A TV late night show FILLS the SCREEN.

A thousand chanting people on their knees, led by a shouting evangelical leader.

EVANGELIST (V.O.)
We must protect our country and ourselves from them.

A group of reporters sitting around a table in a show like Washington Week in Review. Gray Grantham is among them.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
Today that evangelist issued a statement saying Rosenberg's death was God's will. And there were a lot of people who felt that way.

GRANTHAM GRANTHAM (V.O.)
Justice Rosenberg told me only hours before he died, that the last presidential campaign was so divisive...

INT. CALLAHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Callahan is sitting in front of the TV with a drink. The door opens and Darby enters.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
So exploitative of fear and prejudice, that it would inevitably lead to violence.

Darby kisses the back of his head. He reaches up with his hand and squeezes hers.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

CALLAHAN
That Grantham is a man after my own heart.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
We'll return, after a message.

CALLAHAN
(muting the TV sound)
Where've you been? It's almost midnight.

DARBY
The library. I studied a printout of the Supreme Court docket. I even made a list of possible suspects, and threw it in the garbage because they'd be obvious to anyone. And then I looked for areas that Jensen and Rosenberg might have in common. Jensen -- with some notable exceptions -- was generally consistent in his protection of the rights of criminal defendants, he has written three majority opinions strongly protective of the environment, and he was near perfect in support of tax protestors. Have you eaten?

CALLAHAN
In a liquid sort of way. How about a drink?

DARBY
Why don't I make us both some tea?

CALLAHAN
That's my girl. Always trying to set a good example.
(rising)
I'll stick with bourbon.

DARBY
Everyone's assuming the motive is hatred or revenge, or an attempt to influence the social agenda of the Court. But what if the issues involve old-fashioned material greed? A case that involves a great deal of money.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2) 32

CALLAHAN
(pouring his bourbon)
Do you realize that every little legal scholar in the country is doing exactly what you're doing?

DARBY
If there are enough of us, maybe one of us is going to get lucky.

CALLAHAN
As for me, I'm canceling classes for a week. The gifts of reason are puny weapons in the face of such brutality.

DARBY
That's not what you taught me.

Callahan turns ON the SOUND again.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
Let's explore what kind of justices the President will select to replace them. For background, we have a piece on his campaign oratory of three years ago.

TV SCREEN

Image of the President accepting the nomination at his party's convention.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
It is time the majority of right-thinking citizens took back this country from the special social interest groups who want special social rights.

Great applause from the convention. Coal sits in back of the President, cuing the applause.

CLOSE SHOT - CALLAHAN AND DARBY

CALLAHAN
You don't think you're really going to solve this crime.

DARBY
I can't stay away from it.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3) 32

CALLAHAN
So you will work long hours, solve the case and give me back my faith in reason.

DARBY
I'm not that dumb.

CALLAHAN
No. Just that caring.

33 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING (LAFAYETTE LA) - CLERK'S OFFICE - DAY 33

Darby enters and stops at a counter.

CLERK
Can I help you?

Darby slides a strip of paper through the window.

DARBY
I would like to see this file.

CLERK
Why?

DARBY
It's public record, isn't it?

CLERK
Semi-public.

DARBY
Are you familiar with the Freedom of Information Act?

34 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - JURY ROOM - DAY 34

There are no tables or chairs, only file cabinets and boxes lining the walls.

CLERK
(pointing)
This first file cabinet has all the pleadings and correspondence. The rest is discovery, exhibits, and the trial.

DARBY
When was the trial?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

CLERK
Last summer. It went on for two months.

DARBY
Where's the appeal?

CLERK
Not perfected yet. I think the deadline is November first.

Darby opens a drawer full of pleadings.

CLOSE ON DRAWER

as Darby goes through it. She stops at a particular file and removes it from the drawer.

35 INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 35

Darby sits at a personal computer going over her notes. There are great piles of them.

KNOCK on door OVER:

36 INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - DARBY'S POV - NIGHT 36

Callahan is at the door, holding a bag containing a pizza and a bottle of wine.

CALLAHAN
You have not returned my calls.

37 INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 37

DARBY
I thought we had a rule, Thomas. About coming to my place.

CALLAHAN
What we do is not illegal.
(smiling)
On second thought, in this state <u>every</u>thing's illegal.

DARBY
I don't think the Dean would be enthusiastic.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

CALLAHAN
The Dean is not my type.

DARBY
Professor Callahan, you are impossible.

CALLAHAN
Dear Professor Callahan.

DARBY
Dear Professor Callahan, you are im...

There is a KNOCK on the door.

ALICE STARK (O.S.)
Darby? It's Alice. Are you there? I'm going out for a burger. Feel like joining me?

Callahan puts his hand over Darby's mouth.

38 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DARBY'S ROOM - NIGHT 38

ALICE, a plain girl who sat next to Darby in class, waits at the door.

ALICE STARK
Darby?

39 INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 39

She KNOCKS again, a beat, and then the sound of FOOTSTEPS going down the stairs. Callahan removes his hand from Darby's mouth.

CALLAHAN
Almost caught in flagrante delicto by the dreaded Alice.

He takes out the pizza box and the liter of wine and puts them down on the kitchenette counter. She opens a drawer and removes a corkscrew.

CALLAHAN
I blew my cover because I'm hungry for intellectual discussion and animal sex, the sort of thing I find unsatisfactory with your answering machine. And I'm leaving town tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

DARBY
The Con Law Conference in Washington.

CALLAHAN
Right.

He goes over to her desk and looks over the books and Xeroxes and notes.

CALLAHAN
So, Ms. Shaw, who done it?
(looking over her notes)
You've got some obscure suspect unknown to the F.B.I., the C.I.A., the Secret Service and one thousand police departments?

DARBY
I had one, which I have now discarded.

CALLAHAN
You skipped classes for three days, ignored me, and now you're throwing it away?

DARBY
(pointing to the notes on the table)
Look at it. But don't laugh, okay? You were right. It was ludicrous of me to think that I could solve it. What you call the hubris of the young.

CALLAHAN
Don't knock the hubris that I love.

She brings over a glass of wine and hands it to him. He takes it, but she sees that his hand is shaking.

CALLAHAN
Sorry. It's been a rough week for the likes of me.

DARBY
I'm sorry. I kind of deserted you this week. Not the greatest timing.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2) 39

CALLAHAN
God, I've missed you!

She snuggles in his arms.

CALLAHAN
I hate it, you know. Missing any one that much. It's not supposed to be my thing.

They start to make love.

CAMERA starts to SINK WITH them DOWN ONTO the couch, but STOPS AT the table desk as they go out of sight.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the sheaf of papers comprising Darby's notes.

40 INT. INNER CITY COFFEE SHOP (WASHINGTON D.C.) - CLOSE ON GRAY GRANTHAM - EARLY MORNING 40

sitting in a booth.

GRANTHAM
How's the President?

TWO SHOT OF GRANTHAM AND SARGE

The old black janitor, who is sitting opposite him.

SARGE
Which one?

GRANTHAM
Not Coal. The elected one.

SARGE
Swell. Just swell.
(heavy irony)
He's awful tore up about Rosenberg, of course.

GRANTHAM
I bet.

SARGE
And all het up about restructuring the court. Thinks it'll make his place in history.

GRANTHAM
That sounds like Coal.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

SARGE
There's a short list of nominees. The original had twenty or so names, then it was cut to eight.
(handing him a sheet of paper under the table)
I got two.

GRANTHAM
What about the investigation?

SARGE
I haven't heard much, but as usual I'll keep my ears open.

41 INSERT - WASHINGTON POST 41

held in a man's hand. Article headlined: White House Court Short List by Gray Grantham.

INT. BAR (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - EARLY EVENING

Callahan is reading the article as he finishes a drink. He motions for another.

MAN (V.O.)
You're reading that damned Grantham piece.

Callahan looks in back of him. He smiles as he recognizes his old friend, GAVIN VERHEEK. He gets up and they shake hands.

VERHEEK
One of these years I want to see your name on that list. Of our whole damned class, you're the one we bet would make the Court.

CALLAHAN
These days it's hard enough to make my class.
(waving for another drink)
Who leaked that information, Gavin?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

VERHEEK
Coal blasted the director this morning, said it had to be one of us at the F.B.I. But the director thinks it was leaked by Coal, himself, to test the waters.

CALLAHAN
That bastard ran the most divisive campaign in twenty years, and the President acted as if it wasn't happening.

VERHEEK
The President doesn't know the half of what he does, and Coal tells him that's essential, to protect his deniability.

CALLAHAN
Deniability: It's an Eighties word that came in with Eighties morals.

VERHEEK
Which brings me to, how old's the latest?

CALLAHAN
Twenty-four, but very mature.

He downs his drink.

CALLAHAN
Her father was killed in a plane crash four years ago. Fortunately, her mother got a nice settlement.

VERHEEK
Then she has money.

CALLAHAN
She's comfortable.

VERHEEK
Do you have a photo?

CALLAHAN
No. She's not a grandchild or a poodle. Who killed them, Gavin?

VERHEEK
Thomas, I'm just a lawyer with the bureau, not an agent.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2) 41

CALLAHAN
As I recall, you have great ears, my friend.

VERHEEK
The truth? We don't have a clue.

Callahan reaches into his coat pocket and removes a thick envelope.

CALLAHAN
Take a look at this when you get a chance.

VERHEEK
What is it?

CALLAHAN
It's sort of a brief. Darby wrote it, my girl. She's a brilliant student, with a passion for constitutional law.

VERHEEK
Sounds like a fellow I knew at law school.

CALLAHAN
She took off four days last week and came up with her own theory, which she has now discarded. But read it anyway. It's fascinating. I mean, it can't hurt, can it?

42 VOICE (V.O.) 42
(low and timid)
Is this Gray Grantham with the Washington Post?

INT. GRAY GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT - VERY EARLY MORNING

Gray is in bed, barely awake, holding the phone.

GRANTHAM
It is.

VOICE (V.O.)
I'm sorry to call you at such a crazy hour. But I'm on my way to work and stopped at a pay phone. I can't call from home or the office.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

GRANTHAM
What kind of office?

VOICE (V.O.)
I'm an attorney.

GRANTHAM
Private or government?

VOICE (V.O.)
I'd rather not say.
(blurting it out)
I may know something about Rosenberg and Jensen. Are you recording this?

GRANTHAM
No.

VOICE (V.O.)
Can this call be traced?

GRANTHAM
I'm not recording and I won't trace it.

VOICE (V.O.)
I think I may know who killed them.

GRANTHAM
Why don't you tell me your name, okay? I swear it's confidential.

VOICE
Garcia.

GRANTHAM
That's not a real name, is it?

VOICE (V.O.)
No. I think I stumbled across something at the office that I was not supposed to see.

GRANTHAM
Do you have a copy of it?

VOICE (V.O.)
I need to think about this. I haven't slept in a week, and I'm not thinking rationally.

He hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2) 42

Grantham looks at the row of numbers on his phone and punches seven digits, waits, then six more, then four more. He scribbles a number on a pad by the phone and hangs up.

He pulls out the Yellow Pages from a shelf, flips through them and stops at Pay Phones Inc.

INSERT - YELLOW PAGES

We FOLLOW Grantham's finger UNTIL it hits the number he has just scribbled on the pad. It lists the number at Fifteenth Street in Pentagon City.

43 INSERT - MAN'S HAND 43

gives the envelope containing Darby's brief to a woman's hand.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - VERHEEK'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

VERHEEK
(to secretary)
Send this to Eric East. Tell him to look it over when he has a minute.

44 INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY 44

Coal enters to find K.O. LEWIS and ERIC EAST waiting. The President is not there.

K.O. LEWIS
The director had some pressing business. He sends his apologies.

COAL
(amused)
And his underlings. With the President away, he doesn't care to meet with me alone.

K.O. Lewis places a four-inch stack of the latest reports on the table.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

ERIC EAST
The French authorities were routinely reviewing footage taken by the security cameras at the Paris airport, and they thought they recognized a face that might be Khamel's, the terrorist. He may have been on a flight that arrived from Dulles about ten hours after we found Jensen's body.

COAL
Okay. Wht if it's Khamel, and what if he was involved in the killings?

K.O. LEWIS
It means we'll never find him. There are at least nine countries, including Israel, actively stalking him right now.

COAL
Anything else?

LEWIS
Maybe a small new wrinkle.

Eric East pulls out a copy of Darby's brief from his dispatch case.

ERIC EAST
It's a theory that's surfaced in the last twenty-four hours, and Director Voyles is quite intrigued by it. He's afraid it could be damaging to the President.

COAL
(stone-faced)
How's that?

ERIC EAST
(placing the brief on the table)
It's all here in this report.

Coal looks down at it, stone-faced.

COAL'S POV

Darby's brief.

45 INT. DIRECTOR VOYLES' OFFICE - DAY 45

ERIC EAST
Well, he didn't exactly sweat in front of us. But when he gets that great stone-face you know he's not exactly happy.

VOYLES
We all know it's a long shot, unworthy of serious attention, but how often does something come along that makes Coal sweat and run for cover!

46 EXT. ANDREWS AIR BASE - NIGHT 46

The President emerges from Air Force One. The usual press coverage. Coal stands, a gray eminence in the rear.

47 INT. LIMOUSINE (ANDREWS AIR BASE) - NIGHT 47

The President sinks low in his seat.

PRESIDENT
Okay. What's so important?

Coal hands over a copy of Darby's brief.

COAL
An eager-beaver law student at Tulane wrote this. The premise is so farfetched it's absurd, but Voyles, for whatever reasons of his own, has decided he must pursue.

PRESIDENT
We can't control his investigation.

COAL
I think you should ask Gminski to have the C.I.A. investigate. If we know more than Voyles, you can convince him to back off.

PRESIDENT
It's domestic. The C.I.A. has no business snooping around. It's illegal.

COAL
Technically.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

PRESIDENT
What about Barr and the unit? Isn't that what you call them?

COAL
I've talked to Barr. They're good for small, specific missions, like research, wiretapping, even petty burglary; but they hardly have the resources of the C.I.A.

The President takes the brief and tosses it on the empty seat next to him.

PRESIDENT
The person mentioned in the brief. Is it someone we both know?

COAL
Yes.

48 EXT. DUPONT CIRCLE (WASHINGTON) - DAY 48

A non descript MAN #1 sits on a park bench with a brown paper bag. He takes out a banana and peels it. An equally non descript MAN #2 sits down next to him with a bag of peanuts.

MAN #2
(shelling the peanuts)
Gminski was in the White House until midnight last night. This little pelican thing has them scared. The President wants us to secretly investigate it. He wants to know there's nothing to it so he can convince Voyles to back off.

MAN #1
There's probably nothing to it.

MAN #2
Voyles is just having a little fun with the President and Coal?

He neatly places the banana peel in the paper bag and takes out a sandwich.

MAN #1
What did Gminski tell the President?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

MAN #2
That it would be illegal, but in the light of all their pressure, etc. etc. and he sent me off to talk to you.

MAN #1
Voyles appreciates it.

49 INT. RESTAURANT (NEW ORLEANS) - NIGHT 49

Darby and Callahan at dinner. In the b.g. we hear an old record of BILLIE HOLLIDAY singing "Lover Man."

CALLAHAN
(quite pissed)
I have decided my agenda for the future. I plan to stay in bed, drink, make love and forget the whole damned mess. That's an invitation, my dear. If you love me.

DARBY
I love you.

CALLAHAN
Is it love? Or just a severe case of savior complex suffered by the ambitious young?

DARBY
Fuck you.

CALLAHAN
Oh, come on, Darby. What's happened to your sense of humor?

A waiter comes over to them.

WAITER
Can I tempt you with dessert?

DARBY
Just coffee.

CALLAHAN
Cognac. A double, if you please.

The waiter leaves.

DARBY
I'm driving.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

CALLAHAN
Oh, come off it. I'm as sober as...
(he snorts)
A judge.

50 EXT. RESTAURANT (NEW ORLEANS) - NIGHT 50

Callahan and Darby emerge from the restaurant. He pulls the car keys from his pocket.

DARBY
Please, darling. Give me the keys.

Callahan grips them and staggers on into the parking lot. She catches up to him.

DARBY
Just give me the keys. Or I'm walking.

CALLAHAN
Then have a nice walk.

DARBY
Thomas! Please! Let me drive!

He ignores her, walking unsteadily to the car. He unlocks the door, squeezes downward, and disappears between the other cars.

Darby turns to the street and waves for a cab.

The ROAR of Callahan's Porsche, as he guns the ENGINE.

She looks back in time to see the explosion, Callahan's Porsche flips upside down, devoured by flames.

Darby starts toward it, screaming for Callahan. A second EXPLOSION from inside the fireball throws her to the ground. She blacks out.

Two men drag Darby by the elbows back to the sidewalk.

Sound of SIRENS.

A cop falls to his knees and waves a badge under her nose.

COP
Ma'am, Sergeant Rupert, N.O.P.D.
An ambulance is on the way.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: 50

Darby stares blankly at him as a FIRE TRUCK SCREAMS to a halt just feet away. She looks back at what little remains of the Porsche, pieces of smoldering, twisted metal where there once had been a man and a car.

RUPERT pulls her up.

Darby manages to regain use of her legs. She and Rupert walk through the crowd to an unmarked cop car. He opens the front door and gingerly places her in the passenger's seat.

Another COP squats in the door. He wears jeans and cowboy boots with pointed toes.

COP IN COWBOY BOOTS
Could I have your name?

DARBY
Darby Shaw.

Another COP CAR, one with decals and lights, SQUEALS to a stop in front of Rupert's. Rupert disappears. The Cowboy Cop closes the door. She lays her head on the driver's seat, and curls into a knot. Her eyes close again and she passes out.

BLACKNESS...

51 Sound of KNOCKING on a window OVER the blackness. 51

DARBY'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

A POLICEMAN in uniform is knocking on the window.

POLICEMAN
Open the door, lady!

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

Darby sits up, opens the door and stumbles out.

DARBY'S POV - CALLAHAN'S CAR

A solitary fireman hoses down the burnt frame of the Porsche.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY AND POLICEMAN

POLICEMAN
Whoever it was never knew what hit him. Is this your car?

DARBY
It's Rupert's.

POLICEMAN
Rupert?

DARBY
Sergeant Rupert. One of you guys.

POLICEMAN
Who the hell's Rupert?

DARBY
He said he was a cop.

He motions to a man in a suit to come over.

MAN IN SUIT
I'm Lieutenant Olson, New Orleans P.D.
(to second cop)
Check the plates.

The second cop quickly scribbles down the tag number from Rupert's car and calls it in.

52 INT. OLSON'S POLICE CAR (ST. CHARLES STREET, NEW ORLEANS) - NIGHT 52

Olson is driving. Darby sits next to him, in shock.

OLSON (MAN IN SUIT)
We have no record of a cop named Rupert, there was no cop here with cowboy boots, and the computer has no record of the tag numbers on the car. Must be fake tags.

53 INT. CHARITY HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT 53

Olson leads her into the room, sits her down among the waiting ill and wounded, goes over to talk to the lady behind the window and then returns.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

OLSON
It'll be a few minutes. Sit tight. I'm gonna move the car, and I'll be back.

Olson leaves.

Darby closes her eyes. When she opens them, she is looking down at:

DARBY'S POV - PAIR OF COWBOY BOOTS AND TIGHT JEANS

Identical to those worn by one of the fake cops earlier -- in front of her.

EMERGENCY ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DARBY - NIGHT

She looks up in fear.

DARBY'S POV

It is someone else.

BACK TO SCENE

The fear remains.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Darby AS she rises and walks through a pair of double doors.

54 EXT. HOSPITAL LOADING DOCK ON ALLEY - NIGHT 54

Darby walks off the loading dock into the alley and turns into the street.

55 EXT. ROYAL STREET (FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS) - NIGHT 55

Darby disappears into the groups of people, tourist types and night-time regulars.

56 EXT. HOLIDAY INN (FRENCH QUARTER) - NIGHT 56

Darby enters.

57 INT. HOLIDAY INN - LOBBY - RECEPTION DESK - CLOSE SHOT - CLERK - NIGHT 57

CLERK #2
How do you want to charge it?

CLOSE SHOT - DAZED DARBY

She looks bewildered for a moment and then reaches into her bag and pulls out her American Express Card.

58 INT. HOLIDAY INN - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 58

Darby enters, turns on the lights, bolts and chains the door.

TV VOICE (V.O.)
Good Morning, America!

59 INT. BATHROOM - CLOSE SHOT - PORTABLE TV 59

On shelf against tiled bathroom wall.

A man's and woman's professionally cheerful faces beam from the tiny screen.

Sound of PHONE OVER.

CAMERA MOVES OVER TO phone on wall next to shelf. A sudsy hand picks up the phone. CAMERA PANS WITH it TO REVEAL the half-shaven face of Gavin Verheek in the bathroom mirror.

DARBY (V.O.)
Gavin Verheek?

VERHEEK
Yes.

DARBY (V.O.)
This is Darby Shaw. Do you know who I am?

VERHEEK
We have a mutual friend.

DARBY (V.O.)
Thomas gave you a copy of my little theory. Didn't he?

VERHEEK
Yes. He did.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

DARBY (V.O.)
Where is it now?

VERHEEK
Well, I read it, then sent it to some folks within the Bureau, who showed it to Director Voyles.

DARBY (V.O.)
Has it been seen outside the FBI?

VERHEEK
I can't answer that, Darby.

DARBY (V.O.)
Then I won't tell you what's happened to Thomas.

VERHEEK
Okay. Yes, it's been seen outside the F.B.I. By whom and by how many, I don't know.

DARBY (V.O.)
He's dead, Gavin. He was murdered around ten last night. Someone planted a car bomb for both of us. I got lucky, but now they're after me.

Verheek reaches for a pad by the bed and starts scribbling notes.

VERHEEK
Where are you staying? What's your phone number?

DARBY (V.O.)
Not so fast, Gavin.

VERHEEK
Come on, Darby! Thomas Callahan was my best friend. Give me fifteen minutes and we'll have a dozen agents pick you up. You can't stay on the streets.

DARBY (V.O.)
Thomas is dead because he talked to you. Tell that to Director Voyles.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2) 59

A CLICK, as Darby hangs up.

60 PRESIDENT (V.O.) 60
How serious are you taking this pelican thing?

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The President is talking to Voyles alone.

VOYLES
I've assigned fourteen agents in New Orleans. I doubt if there's anything to it, Mr. President, but we've got to check it out.

PRESIDENT
I don't have to tell you, Denton, how much this nonsense could hurt if the press found out.

Silence.

PRESIDENT
I just wish you would back off this thing. I mean, what the hell, it's a goose chase.

VOYLES
Are you asking me to ignore a suspect, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT
If the press saw it and started digging, I'd be crucified.

VOYLES
So you're asking me to back off?

CAMERA MOVES UP the wall TO hidden cameras.

61 INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - SMALL LOCKED ROOM - DAY 61

Coal languishes in a comfortable chair.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
Back off and chase the real suspects. Ignore it for a couple of weeks.

62 INT. SMALL LOCKED ROOM - COAL'S POV - TELEVISION SET - DAY 62

President and Voyles in the Oval Office on the screen.

VOYLES (V.O.)
Your hatchet man Coal has done a number on me with the press. They've eaten my lunch over the security we provided to Rosenberg and Jensen. You get that pit bull off my ass...

63 EXT. RUBENSTEIN CLOTHING STORE (CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS 63

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON the glass and SEES a girl's face scouring the street, her image broken by the reflections in the glass. Her hair is tucked into the hood of a parka, her eyes are hidden behind a pair of aviator sunglasses and her maekup is quite different from Darby's. But it is Darby.

VOYLES (V.O.)
And I'll forget the pelican theory for a while.

64 EXT. CANAL STREET - DARBY'S POV - IN FRONT OF RUBENSTEIN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY 64

CAMERA PANS OVER the usual street crowd and stops at a short, thick, powerful stump of a man. He stands there, looking at a newspaper; but his eyes appear over the newspaper, examining the crowd.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY BEHIND GLASS

She pulls away.

65 EXT. MAGAZINE STREET - IN BACK OF RUBENSTEIN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY 65

Darby exits and loses herself in the crowd.

66 INT. FBI BUILDING - K.O. LEWIS'S OFFICE - DAY 66

Gavin Verheek is talking to Lewis.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

VERHEEK
Thomas Callahan, my friend from Tulane who brought me the pelican brief, was blown to bits by a car bomb last night in New Orleans.

LEWIS
I'm sorry.

VERHEEK
Darby Shaw, the girl who wrote it, was supposed to be in the car when it exploded.

LEWIS
I just got off the phone with the Director. Pelican's off our list. If it was ever really on. We're focusing on The Underground Army. Look, when the Director says put it on a back burner, he means a back burner. But you're free to talk to him. When he gets back in town.

PHONE RINGING OVER.

67 INT. WASHINGTON POST NEWSROOM - GRANTHAM'S DESK - DAY 67

Gray is not there. A journalist at the next desk reaches over and picks it up.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
This is Garcia.

JOURNALIST
Mr. Grantham's not here. But he left his car number for you.

68 INT. GRANTHAM'S VOLVO - PARKED ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE 68

CAR PHONE RINGING.

Gray picks it up. His other hand holds the telephoto finder of a camera to his eye.

GRANTHAM'S POV - THROUGH TELEPHOTO FINDER

A man standing in phone booth a block away.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

GARCIA (V.O.)
Grantham?

GRANTHAM
Yes.

GARCIA (V.O.)
It's Garcia. I still don't know what to do.

GRANTHAM
(a reassuring, caring voice)
Mr. Garcia, if you remember, I went to jail once rather than reveal a source. I know what hell this has to be for you. But you are clearly a decent man, a good citizen. Do you really think you can live in any kind of peace without revealing what you know?

69 EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH (PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON) - DAY 69

GARCIA listening to Grant's persuasive voice.

CAMERA WHIP PANS AWAY FROM Garcia in the phone booth -- and, in a SHOCKING MOVE -- a block WHIPS BY us -- and we STOP ON the Volvo. CAMERA SLAMS INTO a CLOSEUP THROUGH the window of Gray's finger on the camera, as he takes picture after picture.

70 INT. WHITE HOUSE - COAL'S OFFICE - DAY 70

A young ASSISTANT of Coal, a junior version of his boss, is reading a memo. Coal leans back behind his desk, amused.

MAN'S VOICE (ASSISTANT) (O.S.)
Khamel... The most famous assassin in the world.

COAL
And his links to the Libyans and Palestinians... Have it circulated on every desk in the West Wing. By someone of a neutral stripe totally removed from us.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

ASSISTANT (MAN'S VOICE)
Unsigned?

COAL
Unsigned.

ASSISTANT
The Phantom Memo rides again.

COAL
(smiling)
By this time tomorrow Voyles will be swearing up and down the leak was not the Bureau's. Of course we won't believe him.

71 EXT. BUS STOP (DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON) - EVENING 71

A bus comes up. It stops. Among the people coming out is Sarge. He passes Gray and, without stopping, slips an envelope in his coat pocket. Gray gets on the bus. It's as if they never met.

72 INT. GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT (WASHINGTON) - PHANTOM MEMO ON DESK - NIGHT 72

SMITH KEEN (O.S.)
Smells like a White House plant to me.

73 INT. WASHINGTON POST - OFFICE OF SMITH KEEN, ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR - DAY 73

Grantham and SMITH KEEN, his editor, are looking at a copy of the phantom memo.

SMITH KEEN
Someone in the White House of fools, probably Coal, wants the world to know that Khamel has emerged as a suspect, and that he has close ties to countries led by fiery idiots who hate America. And you think we're the idiots who should do it.

GRANTHAM
Fuck Coal. Just judge it on its merits as a story.

74 INT. MARRIOT HOTEL (NEW ORLEANS) - FIFTEENTH FLOOR - NIGHT 74

Darby sits on the bed in a new hotel room. She is watching television, a can of mace beside her. Her long red hair is now short and black.

INSERT - TV SCREEN, CNN NEWS - NIGHT

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
An article in tomorrow morning's edition of The Washington Post maintains that, according to unnamed White House sources, the Middle Eastern terrorist, known as Khamel, may be one of those who carried out the assassinations of Justices Rosenberg and Jensen. The article, by Washington Post reporter Gray Gratham, reports...

CLOSEUP THROUGH BINOCULARS

of lighted window of Darby's hotel room.

75 MAN (O.S.) 75
She's watching television.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL (NEW ORLEANS) - ROOM - NIGHT

Gminski and three AGENTS are in the room. HOOTEN, Gminski's aide and confidant, is looking through the binoculars.

GMINSKI
They're looking under rocks. She's using credit cards. She'll be dead in forty-eight hours.

AGENT #2
I'll give her seventy-two.

GMINSKI
(dismissing agents)
We'll meet at six A.M.
(to his aide and confidant)
Hooten, stay.

The others exit.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

GMINSKI
This means her little brief is directly on point. It could have enormous political repercussions.

HOOTEN
Are you going to notify the president?

GMINSKI
Notifying the president means notifying Coal.

HOOTEN
I understand.
(beat)
Do we bring her in?

GMINSKI
We can't go around snatching civilians off the sidewalk.

AGENT #1
Then she won't last long.

GMINSKI
Let's sleep on it. If you can convince me to snatch her, then I'll say do it.

76 INT. DECAYING OFFICE BUILDING (WASHINGTON) - DINGY OFFICE - NIGHT 76

Copies of Soldier of Fortune magazine are scattered around. Physical workout equipment -- dumbbells, weights, etc. -- are stacked on one wall.

Coal is talking to a powerfully-built middle-aged man who looks like the ex-Marine he is. His sleeves are rolled up, revealing tattoos. He squeezes a hand and wrist exerciser through the scene.

COAL
Did you ever run across Khamel, Barr?

BARR
No. During my C.I.A. days we were sure he was dead. In the early years he was the consummate political terrorist. Now he kills for money.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 76

COAL
I think I know who hired him to kill Rosenberg and Jensen.

BARR
Can you share this bit of gossip?

COAL
Not yet. I want you to follow Gray Grantham and find out who he's talking to.

BARR
Tap tap?

COAL
His apartment and his car.

77 INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - LOBBY - DAY 77

Darby is checking in.

CLERK
How do you want to pay?

Darby reaches for her American Express card, thinks better of it and puts it back in her bag.

DARBY
Cash.

She is learning.

78 INT. DARBY'S ROOM - DAY 78

Darby on the phone.

DARBY
What did Mr. Voyles say, Verheek?

VERHEEK (V.O.)
Mr. Voyles has been unavailable. I'll try to talk to him later today.

DARBY
I expected more.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 78

VERHEEK (V.O.)
There will be a memorial service tomorrow at three on campus, with burial afterward in the city. I'll be there tonight. I think we should meet. Darby, I could save your life.

DARBY
I don't know. You can't even talk to the director. Where will you stay?

VERHEEK (V.O.)
The Hilton, by the river.

Sound of PEOPLE SCREAMING and CHEERING and end of a FOOTBALL GAME in progress over:

79 INT. CROWDED BAR (ON ST. PETER, DEEP IN THE QUARTER) - NIGHT 79

It is Friday night of a big football game in the Quarter. Half and completely drunken fans are watching the big game on a TV set over the bar, cheering, screaming, and groaning, depending on the fate of the home team.

Darby is in a tiny booth in a corner, wearing sunglasses and a hat. She reaches up and stops a girl walking by. It's her old friend, Alice. Alice does not recognize her. Darby reaches and removes the sunglasses. Her eyes are red and tired.

Alice sits down opposite her.

DARBY
I didn't know who else to call.

Alice stares at this strange, haunted new version of her friend.

DARBY
You got into my apartment?

Alice nods, reaches into her purse, takes a printout of the directory from Darby's computer and hands it to her.

ALICE
(as Darby studies it)
You said there were around forty entries, but, see, there are no more than ten.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 79

ALICE (CONT'D)
That means most of the hard-drive memory is gone. I couldn't find a single floppy disk, and your red expandable files? They were empty.

Darby stuffs the printout into a pocket.

DARBY
They went to my apartment and erased what they wanted to erase.

ALICE
Who are these people?

DARBY
If you want to help, go to the memorial service tomorrow. Spread the word that I called you from Denver where I'm staying with an aunt with a name you don't know, and that I've dropped out this semester but I'll be back in the spring. I think some people will be listening carefully.

80 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - ALLEY - NIGHT 80

Darby emerges from the kitchen door of the Oyster Bar.

81 EXT. STREET (FRENCH QUARTER) - NIGHT 81

Darby walks by CAMERA. CAMERA HOLDS ON her back, as she walks through the crowds.

A man comes into the f.g. of the SHOT. He stops. His back, very CLOSE TO the CAMERA, covers three quarters of the SCREEN.

She turns the corner.

CAMERA STAYS in place. The man follows. His feet come through FRAME, clad in snakeskin cowboy boots.

82 EXT. CORNER OF ST. PETER AND CHARTRES STREET (FRENCH QUARTER) - NIGHT 82

Darby walks past a crowded sidewalk cafe.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

CAMERA PANS FROM Darby TO her POV of the cafe. A familiar stocky figure sits in front, Stump.

CAMERA STOPS for a split second AT Stump as he drinks his coffee. But in that split second he looks up.

CAMERA WHIP PANS back TO Darby as she recognizes him. She keeps walking, but faster now.

In back of her, Stump is on his feet and weaving through the tables.

83 EXT. CORNER OF BOURBON STREET AND DUMAIN (FRENCH QUARTER) - NIGHT 83

Darby turns on to Bourbon Street, CAMERA FOLLOWING at her pace. Stump moves INTO the FRAME. He is catching up to her.

84 EXT. BOURBON STREET (FRENCH QUARTER) - NIGHT 84

Three large young men dressed in a wild assortment of black and gold Saints' garb make a noisy exit from a bar. Darby runs to them.

DARBY
(she points at Stump)
Help! That man is after me! He's trying to rape me! Please help me!

Stump rushes forward. The three Saints step in front of him with folded arms and glowing eyes.

CAMERA SLAMS INTO the fray as Stump uses both hands at once: A right to the throat of the first one, and a vicious blow to the mouth of the second. They squeal and fall hard. The first one falls on Stump's right foot and this throws him off. As he yanks his foot away, number three kicks him squarely in the crotch. Stump is history.

Darby eases back into the crowd.

85 INT. GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - NIGHT 85

Gray is on the phone.

GARCIA (V.O.)
It's Garcia. I'm on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and First.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: 85

GRANTHAM
Good. Now take down my license number 'cause there are a lot of gray Volvos.
(very slowly)
5676582. I'll be there in ten minutes.

Gray hangs up and runs out the door.

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Gray comes back in and picks it up.

GARCIA (V.O.)
I can't go through with it.

Grantham falls back into a chair in frustration.

GARCIA (V.O.)
I have a wife and little daughter. There's a chance they know that I know. They've been treating me funny.

GRANTHAM
These are the guys in your firm?

GARCIA (V.O.)
Yeah. No. Wait. How'd you know I was in a firm? I haven't told you that.

GRANTHAM
You go to work too early to be a government lawyer. You're in one of those firms where they expect the associates and junior partners to work a hundred hours a week.

He hears the CLICK of Garcia HANGING UP. Gray bangs the phone down in disgust. He whirls around in his chair and finds himself facing a mirror.

GRANTHAM
(to his image in mirror)
You know better than to frighten a source. Fuckhead!

The PHONE RINGS again. He whirls back and picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2) 85

GRANTHAM
I know there's a way we can work this out, Garcia.

DARBY (V.O.)
Garcia?

GRANTHAM
(totally let down, he loses it)
Shit!

DARBY (V.O.)
Shit? Is this Gray Grantham with the Washington Post?

GRANTHAM
It is.

DARBY (V.O.)
Have you heard of the Pelican Brief?

GRANTHAM
The Pelican Brief. No. What is it?

DARBY (V.O.)
It's an unlikely little theory about who killed Rosenberg and Jensen. It was taken to Washington last week by a man named Thomas Callahan, a professor of law at Tulane. He gave it to a friend with the F.B.I., and it was passed around. Callahan was killed in a car bomb Wednesday night in New Orleans.

He turns on the lamp and starts to scribble on his pad.

GRANTHAM
How do you know all this?

DARBY (V.O.)
I wrote the brief.

GRANTHAM
Are you a lawyer?

DARBY (V.O.)
No.

GRANTHAM
Are you calling from New Orleans?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (3) 85

DARBY (V.O.)
Don't spend your time digging after me.

INSERT - GRANTHAM'S MEMO PAD

As he writes: -- Sounds young, -- mid-twenties? -- Knows law professor... not a lawyer...

BACK TO SCENE

GRANTHAM
You need a name.

DARBY (V.O.)
Call me Pelican. Can you get a list of all major contributor's to the president's last campaign?

GRANTHAM
I can have it by this afternoon.
(writing)
And you know who's done the killing?

DARBY (V.O.)
Yes.

GRANTHAM
I'm not going to beat around the bush. Who?

DARBY (V.O.)
Let's take it slow. I'll be in touch.

GRANTHAM
When?

But she has hung up.

He puts down the phone and stares at his pad.

INSERT - PAD

Next to "Not a lawyer," he scribbles, "A student?"

He draws the oval outline of a woman's face. The inside of the face remains blank, empty of features. He stares at it and then draws a big question mark inside the face.

86 EXT. TULANE CAMPUS - ROGERS CHAPEL - DAY 86

CAMERA looks DOWN AT people streaming into the small chapel for Callahan's memorial service.

87 CLOSE SHOT INTO WINDOW ON SECOND FLOOR OF BUILDING ACROSS WAY - DAY 87

Darby looking through binoculars. A half eaten sandwich and two empty containers of coffee are on a table next to her.

88 DARBY'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS 88

CAMERA PICKS UP Alice and a few other familiar faces, students in his class.

CAMERA SWINGS BACK ACROSS the road -- past Gavin Verheek -- and STOPS abruptly ON a man watching the people enter the chapel. It is the short, thick, powerful stump of a Man Darby saw outside Rubenstein and the lobby of the Sheraton.

89 CLOSE ON DARBY 89

-- she puts down the binoculars, revealing the the terror in her eyes.

90 MAN (O.S.) 90
Looking for Mr. Sneller.

CLOSE SHOT - DOOR TO NEW ORLEANS HOTEL ROOM, ROOM 406 - DAY

The shadow of a man is over the door. The sound of PAPER BEING SLID ACROSS CARPET.

CAMERA PANS DOWN, FOLLOWING the sound, and sees an envelope slide through the crack under the door.

A dark complected hand sets a gym bag down on the carpet and reaches for the envelope.

CAMERA PANS UP with the man's hand as he opens the envelope, revealing a key and a folded piece of paper inside. Two small photos slide out and drop to the floor. He kneels down to pick them up.

His face comes INTO FRAME. The nose is thicker, the hair curly where it was straight, even the teeth are different in relation to the mouth. But the eyes, though a different color, are the eyes of KHAMEL.

KHAMEL'S POV - TWO SMALL YEARBOOK PHOTOGRAPHS OF DARBY

He picks them up.

91 INT. BAR OFF CAMPUS - NIGHT 91

A student hangout not far from the campus. The crowd is passionate, pissed and rowdy.

Verheek looks middle-aged and out of place.

A YOUNG MAN and his girl sit down next to him. He wears a T-shirt with the words "Tulane Law School."

VERHEEK
(turning to the young man)
Do you know Darby Shaw?

YOUNG MAN
Why do you want to know?

VERHEEK
We need to talk to her. That's all.

YOUNG MAN
We?

VERHEEK
F.B.I.

He pulls a card from his pocket. The student reads it, then hands it back.

YOUNG MAN
You're a lawyer, not an agent. Why do you want to see Darby Shaw?

The bartender eases closer, eavesdropping.

VERHEEK
I need to see her, okay. It's very important. I'll be at the Hilton for a few days. If you see her, ask her to call.

He gives the card to the student, who leaves it on the bar and starts talking to his girl.

The bartender looks at it with curiosity.

92 EXT. PARKING LOT (WASHINGTON) - NIGHT 92

We are too far away to see anything clearly, until we SLAM INTO:

92 CONTINUED: 92

CLOSE SHOT - GATE

Two men manipulate the lock and slip through. They walk up to Grantham's Volvo. One of them opens the car door with quick, professional skill, while the other pulls out a small tool case from his pocket. He opens it and removes a tiny transmitter he prepares to install.

93 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 93

Verheek's card underneath the door. Khamel's hand comes in and picks it up. CAMERA PULLS BACK and FOLLOWS him as he picks up the phone. A miniature tape recorder sits next to the phone.

SNELLER (V.O.)
We've made a few phone calls to Washington. He knew Callahan, and he might know the girl. It's obvious he's trying to find her.

DARBY (V.O.)
It's Darby, Gavin.

94 INT. VERHEEK'S ROOM - NIGHT 94

Verheek sits on the edge of the bed in a towel robe.

VERHEEK
I had about given up. Tell me where you want to meet, and within an hour I'll come get you with three agents.

DARBY (V.O.)
I thought the F.B.I. was not involved.

VERHEEK
It's not involved, yet. But I've got friends. We'll get you out of the city tonight, and take you to Washington tomorrow. I promise you'll personally meet Voyles, and we'll go from there.

DARBY (V.O.)
Behind your hotel is a place called Riverwalk. On the second level is a clothing store called Frenchmen's Bend. At noon tomorrow I want you to stand by the entrance.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

DARBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Wear a black shirt of some type and a red baseball cap and hold a folded newspaper. After five minutes, walk inside the store. I'll find you. You and I, and only you and I, will leave the city. I don't want anyone else to know of this. Agreed?

VERHEEK
Agreed.

DARBY (V.O.)
How tall are you?

VERHEEK
Five ten.

DARBY (V.O.)
How much do you weigh?

VERHEEK
Two hundred, but I plan to lose it.

DARBY (V.O.)
I'll see you tomorrow, Gavin.

There is the CLICK of Darby hanging up. CAMERA PANS DOWN WITH Verheek's hand to the phone as he hangs up and EXITS FRAME.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the phone. We hear the sound of the SHOWER. CAMERA DROPS DOWN BELOW the table top. Scotch taped to the underside of the table is the miniaturized tape recorder we saw in Khamel's room.

95 INT. VERHEEK'S ROOM - SHOWER - NIGHT 95

Verheek turns off the shower and steps out. He reaches for a towel, starts rubbing his hair dry and walks back into the room.

He walks over to the TV and TURNS UP the VOLUME, the towel obscuring his vision.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: 95

CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he falls to the floor. A red spot of blood appears on the white towel and spreads. And then another and another. But except for the TV, there is no sound.

A familiar hand reaches INTO FRAME to Verheek's wrist. CAMERA PANS UP TO Khamel's face as he reassures himself there is no pulse.

CAMERA RISES WITH Khamel. In back of him we see the now open closet door.

He walks over to the phone and pulls the miniaturized recorder out from underneath. He rewinds the tape inside.

He presses the PLAY button of the recorder.

VERHEEK (V.O.)
Hello.

DARBY (V.O.)
It's Darby, Gavin.

96 VERHEEK'S ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - KHAMEL - NIGHT 96

An ironic smile. The TAPE CONTINUES.

VERHEEK (V.O.)
I had about given up.

97 INT. BATHROOM - BED AND BREAKFAST - DAY 97

Darby is taking a shower.

VERHEEK (V.O.)
Tell me where you want to meet...

98 INT. KHAMEL'S ROOM - DAY 98

Khamel's miniature TAPE PLAYER, on top of a bureau. It is PLAYING.

VERHEEK (V.O.)
And within fifteen minutes, I'll come get you with three agents. We'll get you out of the city tonight.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: 98

CAMERA ADJUSTS a little to the right. Laying next to the miniature tape player is a tiny gun. Khamel's hand ENTERS FRAME and STOPS the TAPE RECORDER.

CAMERA PANS UP to see Khamel putting an extra large black sweatshirt over his head. He is wearing layers of briefs and gym shorts to give him the appearance of Verheek's weight.

KHAMEL
(imitating Verheek quite brilliantly)
And within fifteen minutes, I'll come get you with three agents.

He puts on a red baseball cap.

99 INT. DARBY'S ROOM - BED AND BREAKFAST - DAY 99

Darby stands before a mirror, dressing.

KHAMEL (V.O.)
(sounding like Verheek)
We'll get you out of the city tonight. And take you to Washington tomorrow.

Darby exits.

100 KHAMEL'S ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - TINY GUN ON BUREAU TOP - DAY 100

Khamel picks it up. CAMERA FOLLOWS the gun as it disappears INTO his trouser pocket.

101 EXT. RIVERWALK - DAY 101

Darby walking in the middle of a group of shoppers, browsing. She looks at her watch.

INSERT - WATCH

It is exactly twelve o'clock.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

She looks up.

102 DARBY'S POV - ENTRANCE TO CLOTHING STORE (FRENCHMAN'S BEND) - DAY 102

There he is, black sweatshirt, red baseball cap, folded newspaper. The eyes are hidden behind sunglasses. He looks at his watch, then walks through the door.

103 INT. FRENCHMAN'S BEND CLOTHING STORE - CLOSE SHOT - DAY 103

as he picks through safari jackets.

DARBY (O.S.)
Gavin.

He jerks around.

HIS POV OF DARBY

She is holding a white Panama hat and speaking into it.

HE
(pulling out a handkerchief and sneezing)
Darby.
(coughing)
Wouldn't you know I'd wake up with a cold.

DARBY
Follow me.

They leave the store.

104 EXT. RIVERWALK - DAY 104

Darby takes his hand. They walk quickly down a flight of stairs leading to the boardwalk.

105 EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY 105

The boardwalk is crowded; a line has formed beside the Bayou Queen, a paddle wheeler. They stop at the end of the line.

HE
Are we getting on this boat?

DARBY
Yes. I've got a car a mile upriver at a park where we'll stop in thirty minutes.

The line is moving now.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: 105

CLOSE SHOT - HIM

CAMERA FOLLOWS his hand as he touches the trouser pocket that contains the gun. He reaches into the pocket and pulls out a handkerchief.

CAMERA PANS UP WITH him as he brings it to his nose. There is a tiny flash of metal against the base of his skull just below the red baseball cap.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY'S HAND

holding his as his hand falls away from hers.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

as she whirls around.

DARBY'S POV OF HIM

falling to the ground.

CLOSE SHOT OF WHITE HANDKERCHIEF

still clutched in his hand as it hits the ground. It turns blood red.

VERY CLOSE SHOT - DARBY'S EYES AND MOUTH

FILLING the SCREEN with her scream... She whirls around in horror.

CAMERA WHIRLS AROUND TO:

HER POV

A man is running away. He disappears in a crowd.

WOMAN (O.S.)
He's got a gun.

CAMERA WHIRLS BACK again, FOLLOWING the sound of the woman's voice. She is standing next to Darby.

CAMERA SLAMS DOWN TO:

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2) 105

HER POV

The man she thinks is Verheek is on all fours with a small pistol in his right hand. Blood streams from his chin and puddles under his face. He lunges to the edge of the boardwalk. The gun drops into the water. He collapses on his stomach with his head hanging over and dripping into the river.

MED. SHOT - CROWD - DAY

As two policemen break through to get to him. A hundred people now inch forward to see the dead man. But there is no sign of Darby.

The sound of a CAR SCREECHING to a stop OVER.

106 FRENCH QUARTER - CLOSE SHOT - ELDERLY BLACK CAB DRIVER - NIGHT 106

braking his cab. TIGHT ON the driver as a passenger gets in.

DARBY (O.S.)
Baton Rouge.

CAB DRIVER
Lord, honey, that's a heckuva ride.

He angles his rearview mirror to see Darby, hidden under a new hat and black trench coat. She is wearing new sunglasses.

DARBY
How much?

CAB DRIVER
(thinking quickly)
A hundred and fifty.

She throws two bills over the seat.

DARBY
There's two hundred. Get there as fast as you can, and watch your rear. We may be followed.

BACK SEAT TAXI - MED. SHOT

Darby lies down on the seat.

VOYLES (V.O.)
Whoever killed Verheek didn't leave a trace.

107 INT. DIRECTOR VOYLES' OFFICE - NIGHT 107

Director Voyles stands behind his chair. K.O. Lewis sits across the desk.

VOYLES
I'm sending a hundred agents in tomorrow to blanket the city and I've instructed New Orleans to find the girl, if she's still alive.

LEWIS
Gavin told me about Callahan, and I didn't listen.

VOYLES
And I thought this Pelican stuff was some bird brained joke.
(beat)
We'll spend two thousand hours digging round that hotel, and I'll bet you there won't be a shred of useful evidence. Just like Rosenberg and Jensen.

LEWIS
And Callahan.

VOYLES
And probably the girl.

108 INT. TAXICAB (BATON ROUGE) - NIGHT 108

Darby curled up on the back seat.

VOYLES (V.O.)
If we ever find her body.

TAXI DRIVER (O.S.)
Here we are, ma'am. Baton Rouge Airport. And in record time.

109 EXT. BATON ROUGE AIRPORT - TAXI - NIGHT 109

She immerses herself in a group of people walking into the airport.

MAN (V.O.)
Can't you bring her in?

110 EXT. DUPONT CIRCLE (WASHINGTON) - DAY 110

The man we saw earlier sitting on a circular bench is sitting there again. The Man from Langley sits near him on the bench.

MAN #2
We lost her at O'Hare in Chicago.

MAN #1
Let's hope they did too.

111 DARBY (V.O.) 111
(through phone)
There's been another murder.

INSERT: GRAY GRANTHAM'S NOTEBOOK - DAY

on his desk. He is riffling through it, looking for a fresh page. In the process, we see page after page of his sketches of what the Pelican might look like. He finds a fresh page and begins to scribble notes.

DARBY (V.O.)
(through phone)
You remember I told you Callahan gave a copy of the brief to a friend at the F.B.I.?

LOOSE ANGLE - GRANTHAM ON PHONE

scribbling notes.

GRANTHAM
Yes.

DARBY (V.O.)
(through phone)
He was killed yesterday in New Orleans.

GRANTHAM
How do you know?

DARBY (V.O.)
(through phone)
I was holding his hand when he was shot. In broad daylight in the middle of a crowd. God knows how I got away.

GRANTHAM
Can you give me his name?

111 CONTINUED: 111

DARBY (V.O.)
(through phone)
Verheek. Gavin Verheek.

GRANTHAM
Voyles' chief counsel.

DARBY (V.O.)
(through phone)
When can you come to New York?

GRANTHAM
Right now.

DARBY (V.O.)
Let's plan on tomorrow.

112 EXT. VISTA HOTEL (WORLD TRADE CENTER, NEW YORK CITY) - DAY 112

DARBY (V.O.)
You must follow my instructions.

A cab pulls up. Gray jumps out with his bag. He is wearing sunglasses. He checks his watch.

INSERT - WATCH

It reads 10:46 A.M.

113 EXT. VISTA HOTEL - DAY 113

as Gray enters the hotel.

114 INT. VISTA HOTEL - BAR - DAY 114

Gray sits there with a Coke. He looks at his watch.

INSERT - WATCH

It reads 11:30 A.M.

He reaches for his wallet and pays the check.

115 EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - BACK STREET - DAY 115

Gray hails a cab.

116 EXT. FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET 116

A cab pulls up. Gray gets out and disappears in the throng of shoppers.

117 EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-NINTH STREET - DAY 117

He enters on the Fifth Avenue side.

118 EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - CENTRAL PARK SOUTH ENTRANCE 118

He exits the hotel and walks west on Central Park South.

119 EXT. ST. MORITZ HOTEL - SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY 119

He ducks through the service entrance.

120 INT. ST. MORITZ HOTEL - LOBBY - RESERVATIONS COUNTER 120

GRANTHAM
(to clerk behind the counter)
I have a reservation. Warren Clark.

121 INSERT - GRANTHAM'S HAND 121

Sketching the unknown Darby, based on his fantasy of her. PHONE RINGS OVER:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MED. SHOT - GRANTHAM - DAY

He picks up the phone with remarkable alacrity.

DARBY (V.O.)
Mr. Clark?

GRANTHAM
Yes. This is Mr. Clark.

DARBY (V.O.)
Take the elevator to the eighteenth, then walk down to the fifteenth. Room 1520.

122 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CLOSEUP - ROOM DOOR 122

The room number 1520 displayed prominently across the door.

Gray's fist COMES INTO the SHOT and knocks on the door.

Sound of BOLT CLICK. The door opens a smidgen, the chain still on. Darby's eye appears at the opening.

123 INT. HALLWAY - DARBY'S POV 123

Half of Gray's face through the crack in the door.

GRANTHAM
Pelican?

124 INT. HALLWAY - GRANTHAM'S POV - DARBY'S EYE 124

Peering through the crack. The door shuts again, the sound of the CHAIN being UNLATCHED, and the door opens all the way, revealing Gray's first full look at Darby.

125 INT. DARBY'S HOTEL ROOM (NEW YORK) - EVENING 125

A small sitting room with a door to small bedroom. He enters; she quickly shuts the door.

She locks the door and bolts it.

DARBY
You followed my instructions?

GRANTHAM
(trying to break the tension)
I haven't ducked and feinted, backed up and reversed myself so much since I played quarterback in college.

DARBY
You must think I'm crazy.

GRANTHAM
That was a possibility, until I checked New Orleans. Callahan was killed exactly as you said. I also checked on Verheek. According to the FBI, his body was found the day before yesterday in his hotel room very early in the morning.

Darby looks stunned.

GRANTHAM
He'd been dead for at least eight hours.

DARBY
That can't be. He talked like Verheek, he followed my instructions to the letter...

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 125

GRANTHAM
An imposter.

DARBY
Who planned to kill me.

GRANTHAM
Until someone killed him first.
(gently)
Why don't you sit down and tell me what was in the brief.

DARBY
Everyone I've spoken to about the brief is dead.

GRANTHAM
I'll take my chances.

DARBY
Just to get a story.

GRANTHAM
This isn't any story.

DARBY
You will not, under any circumstances, use my name, or reveal where or how you got the information. And you will not publish it until I leave the country. Agreed?

GRANTHAM
Agreed. We don't publish without specific confirmation. That can take quite a while to get. If ever.

He reaches for his briefcase.

GRANTHAM
(taking out a mini tape recorder)
Do you mind if I use a tape recorder?

DARBY
No. There should be a record. I may not be around.

He puts the tape recorder on the coffee table in front of Darby.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2) 125

GRANTHAM
Ready?

DARBY
Ready.

He starts the tape recorder and leans back in his chair, pen in hand and a clean legal pad on his lap.

DARBY
Does the name, Mattiece, mean anything to you?

126 INSERT - COPY OF DARBY'S ORIGINAL BRIEF - NIGHT 126

The Pelican Brief -- being held in someone's hand.

INT. COAL'S LIMOUSINE (WASHINGTON) - NIGHT

Coal and MATTHEW BARR in the back seat. Barr finishes reading the Brief and looks at Coal.

BARR
What did the President say?

COAL
It's just another wild shot in the dark, we thought. He talked to Voyles about it, and Voyles agreed to leave it alone for a while. Now I'm not so sure.

BARR
The President asked Voyles to back off?

COAL
Yes.

BARR
That's obstruction of justice, assuming of course the Brief turns out to be true.

COAL
And if it does?

BARR
You'll be forced to be the fall guy and resign.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126

COAL
Hell, everyone in the White House, except the President, will have to go. And he'll go soon enough.

BARR
The Nixon route.

COAL
Don't even think that name.

BARR
Look at the hopeful side: Irangate, Iraqgate. There's a very good chance it won't come out.

COAL
Grantham knows about the Brief. He called three White House aides yesterday. And god knows who else!

BARR
We got his car phone, but we haven't been inside his apartment yet.

COAL
Why not?

BARR
We almost got caught this morning by his cleaning lady. We'll try again tonight. Someone we know at the Post says he'll be out of town until tomorrow.

The closeup sound of an ALARM OVER.

127 INT. DARBY'S HOTEL ROOM (NEW YORK CITY) CLOSE SHOT - TAPE RECORDER PLAYING - NIGHT 127

The alarm is the BEEP of the TAPE RECORDER as it reaches the end of the tape.

MED. SHOT - DARBY AND GRANTHAM

He turns off the recorder.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: 127

GRANTHAM
What made you hone in so quickly on this particular case?

DARBY
Of course it was luck. Bad luck, it now turns out. I remembered a piece "Frontline" did about a year ago. They interviewed the young lawyer who originally filed the suit. They said, that since the interview, he had committed suicide, although his family insisted it was foul play. After the assassinations I called his family. They said he'd had a depressive problem years before, but that he'd been fine since taking medication. His doctors confirmed everything the family said. They told the police they were convinced that it was not a suicide.

GRANTHAM
But the police had closed the investigation.

DARBY
Exactly.

GRANTHAM
I'm glad you're not my competition.
(looking at her exhausted face)
When was the last time you really slept?

DARBY
I don't remember.

She studies him as he gathers up the tape recorder and the tape and puts it in his briefcase.

DARBY
If I'd known what was going to happen, I would never have pursued it. But you do, and it doesn't stop you. Why take such a chance?

GRANTHAM
It's my kind of high.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: (2) 127

DARBY
I still don't understand.

GRANTHAM
Well, my editor, Smith Keen, says you've got to have a quirk to do this kind of work. You have to get a special kick from exposing the high and mighty when they try to put one over.

DARBY
No matter what the cost?

GRANTHAM
Let's say it helps to have gotten a few swift, unfair kicks when you were very young.

He goes to the door.

GRANTHAM
Call me when you wake up. I don't plan to sleep much tonight. I want to make my notes while it's all fresh.

He goes over to the door.

DARBY
(hesitant)
Gray?

He looks at her.

DARBY
Would you mind sleeping on the sofa? I know it sounds dumb but...

GRANTHAM
No problem.

She starts to exit to the bedroom.

GRANTHAM
At the risk of sounding old-fashioned, if I'm going to spend the night, don't you think it's time I knew your name?

She smiles.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: (3) 127

DARBY
My name is Darby Shaw.

He looks at her; underneath the strength, vulnerable, touching, and, oh, Lord, desirable.

GRANTHAM
How'd you happen to pick me, Darby Shaw?

DARBY
Callahan was a fan.

GRANTHAM
And you were a fan of Callahan's.

DARBY
He was the only man I've ever loved.
(reacting to Gray's clear attraction)
Still do.

GRANTHAM
(as he gets the message)
Right.

She exits to the bedroom and shuts the door.

128 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 128

Darby walks over to the mirror. The face that looks back at her appears almost relaxed.

129 INT. DARBY'S HOTEL SUITE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 129

Gray sits at the desk, his laptop and the tape recorder before him.

CLOSEUP - GRANTHAM'S HAND

As he turns on the tape recorder. CAMERA MOVES UP TO his wrist. His watch says 12:20 A.M.

DARBY (V.O.)
(from the tape recorder)
Does the name Mattiece mean anything to you?

130 CLOSEUP - ANOTHER MAN'S HAND 130

As it reaches for a file.

The watch on his wrist also says 12:20 A.M.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
First thing that comes to mind is rich. Victor... His name is Victor Mattiece?

131 INT. WHITE HOUSE - COAL'S OFFICE - LOOSE ANGLE - NIGHT 131

Coal reaching for the file.

DARBY (V.O.)
Correct. Victor Mattiece.

WHITE HOUSE - COAL'S OFFICE - COAL'S POV OF OPEN FILE - NIGHT

A clipping headlined PRESIDENT'S BANQUET FOR TOP CONTRIBUTORS, contains a photograph of a beaming President shaking hands with a big, distinguished-looking gray-haired man. The caption reads: Happy President and Oil Tycoon Friend, Victor Mattiece.

DARBY (V.O.)
He's made and lost several fortunes drilling for oil in south Louisiana.

CAMERA MOVES INTO a CLOSER SHOT of the two beaming faces.

DARBY (V.O.)
In 1979, his oil company punched some holes in Terrebonne Parish and hit oil. A lot of oil. He capped the wells before word leaked out...

CAMERA PANS OVER the photograph TO a CLOSEUP SHOT of the President's beaming face.

DARBY (V.O.)
... And bought the surrounding land under a myriad of corporate names. He knew he'd need government permission to dredge a channel through the marshlands to get the equipment in and the oil out.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

DARBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Enter Mattiece, the Great Campaign Contributor, and, as night must follow day, government permission to gouge through the endangered marshes.

CAMERA PANS OVER the photograph to a CLOSEUP SHOT of Mattiece's beaming face.

DARBY (V.O.)
Mattiece is that close to at least a billion dollars, when Green Fund, an obscure environmental outfit, trots on down to the U.S. District court in Lafayette, and files a lawsuit to stop the entire operation. A federal judge halts the project pending a trial on all issues. Of course Mattiece spares no expense to win the lawsuit. I don't think there's a top law firm between Houston and New Orleans that at some point he hasn't hired.

CLOSE SHOT - COAL

Studying the buddy-buddy picture of Mattiece and the President. His face is a study in agony.

DARBY (V.O.)
By the time the Green Fund lawyers, -- all two of them -- wade in, the joint ventures, limited partnerships and corporate associations form an impenetrable maze that make Mattiece invisible.

Coal removes the photograph and studies the papers underneath.

HIS POV - COAL'S WHITE HOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

INSERT of the papers in the file. A series of Louisiana newspaper clippings about the lawsuit and the trial.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2) 131

DARBY (V.O.)
Luckily for Green Fund's lawsuit, the heart of the new oil reserve is near a natural refuge for waterflow. Osprey, egrets, pelicans, ducks, cranes, geese.

Coal removes the clippings to reveal a video cassette of a "Frontline" telecast titled: Oil vs. The Louisiana Pelican

CLOSE SHOT - COAL

looking at the "Frontline" cassette.

COAL
(to himself)
Fucking P.B.S.!

He pushes the cassette aside.

DARBY (V.O.)
The pelican becomes the hero. After thirty years of contamination by D.D.T. and other pesticides, the Louisiana brown pelican perches on the brink of extinction. Green Fund seizes the majestic bird, and enlists experts from around the country to testify on its behalf.

132 COAL'S WHITE HOUSE OFFICE - WIDE ANGLE SHOT - NIGHT 132

Coal gets up and paces up and down his office, trying to develop some kind of plan.

DARBY (V.O.)
It takes seven years for the Pelican Suit to go to trial in Lake Charles. The three man jury, caring less about the pelican than jobs, votes in favor of Mattiece.

Coal looks at his watch.

INSERT - COAL'S WATCH

It reads 12:30 A.M.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: 132

DARBY (V.O.)
But the judge rules to keep the injunction against drilling in place because he thinks Green Fund has proven its point about the pelican, a federally protected species, and it's apparent that Green Fund will appeal.

133 INT. VAN (WASHINGTON) - ANOTHER MAN'S WATCH - NIGHT 133

It reads 12:31 A.M.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
What's the status of the lawsuit?

CAMERA PANS UP TO the man's face. It is one of the men we saw bugging the phone in Gray's car. He looks out the window of the van.

DARBY (V.O.)
From the trial level it will be appealed to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans in about a month.

134 EXT. GRANTHAM APARTMENT HOUSE - MAN IN VAN'S POV 134

about a half a block away.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
Any idea what the Fifth Circuit might do?

135 INT. VAN (WASHINGTON) - CLOSE SHOT OF MAN WATCHING - NIGHT 135

The CAMERA PANS OVER TO the man sitting next to him as he turns to him. It is the same man we saw with him when he bugged Gray's car.

DARBY (V.O.)
It could be reversed.

136 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - NIGHT 136

The two men, carrying dispatch cases, as if they've just come from working late at the office, quietly leave their car.

DARBY (V.O.)
Then the fun starts.

137 INT. GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT - WIDE ANGLE SHOT OF ENTRY - NIGHT 137

facing the entrance door.

DARBY (V.O.)
If either side is unhappy with the Fifth Circuit, they can appeal to the Supreme Court.

THE SOUND OF A WINDOW BEING JIMMED OPEN...

The CAMERA PANS AROUND, FOLLOWING the sound. It arrives at the window just after it has been opened. The curtains blow but no one is there.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
From today, how long would it take for the case to be decided by the Supreme Court?

The figure of the first man climbs through the window. And then the second.

DARBY (V.O.)
Anywhere from three to five years.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the two men as they check the apartment.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
Rosenberg would have died from natural causes.

DARBY (V.O.)
Yes, but another President could be in the White House when he died.

The two men stop at the phone in Gray's apartment.

DARBY (V.O.)
So, if you're Victor Mattiece, and you don't mind killing a couple of Supremes, now is the time to take him out, when you can predict his replacement.

138 GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT OF ONE OF MEN'S DISPATCH CASES - NIGHT 138

One of the men opens it, revealing tools to bug the phone.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
But why Jensen?

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: 138

MED. SHOT

As the two men, clearly superb professionals, go about their job of bugging Gray's phones.

DARBY (V.O.)
He shared one piece of common ground with Rosenberg: Protecting the environment.

The BEEP sound of the TAPE RECORDER coming to the end of a tape comes over.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
Tired?

139 INT. DARBY'S HOTEL SUITE (NEW YORK) - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 139

Gray turns off the tape recorder and sits back in his chair. He looks at the notes he has made on his laptop and writes:

INSERT - SCREEN OF GRANTHAM'S LAPTOP

as he writes: "WHERE DOES GARCIA FIT IN? DOES HE?"

sound of a MOTOR STARTING OVER the computer screen.

140 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - NIGHT 140

The VAN STARTS UP. It comes CLOSE TO CAMERA, just long enough to see the smiling faces of the two men we had left in Gray's apartment, before it PASSES OUT OF FRAME.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the street: Bars closing, people straggling out, some drifting into an all night coffee shop.

141 INT. ALL NIGHT COFFEE SHOP - GEORGETOWN STREET - NIGHT 141

A bland, small man of indeterminate age, distinguished from the drinkers drifting in by his sobriety. He walks over to the counter and sits down.

MAN (O.S.)
So, what's the score?

CAMERA PANS OVER TO the man on the stool next to him, "Sergeant Rupert", the man who told Darby he was a cop, and then disappeared.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: 141

NONDESCRIPT MAN (O.S.)
We can't find her. And that worries us because we got some bad news today.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the two of them.

NONDESCRIPT MAN
We hear, unconfirmed, that the bad guy's are sending in big boys with big guns.

RUPERT
So, what's my plan?

NONDESCRIPT MAN
If we find the girl, it'll be your show.

142 DARBY'S HOTEL SUITE (NEW YORK) - MORNING 142

Gray is asleep on the couch. The laptop is literally on his lap and a big yellow legal pad with notes is in his hand.

He opens his eyes.

GRANTHAM'S POV - CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

showered and dressed, looking down at him.

GRANTHAM (O.S.)
You said Mattiece hired law firms from Houston to New Orleans. Were there any from D.C.?

DARBY
You're half asleep.

MED. SHOT - GRANTHAM

rises, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

GRANTHAM
Doesn't matter.

DARBY
I can think of two: White and Blazevich and Brim, Stearns, and somebody both old, big, powerful, and rich.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

GRANTHAM
A lawyer in D.C. called me, said he saw something concerning Rosenberg and Jensen. We were supposed to meet, but he bombed out, and I haven't heard from him again. He gave me a phoney name, but I got his picture.

DARBY
How?

GRANTHAM
That's another story. If he works for either of those firms, he could be our confirmation.

DARBY
I hope you find him.

GRANTHAM
Darby, come with me to Washington. I need your help.

DARBY
Of course you do. If I disappear, you may not have a story. But I might have a life.

GRANTHAM
If you're right about Mattiece, there'll be a coverup, and the odds are it'll work. Oh, there'll be a cottage industry of books and articles and movies about the assassinations -- as there was with Kennedy's. But no one will be prosecuted.

DARBY
Why are you so sure?

GRANTHAM
I checked the Post morgue last night. On Mattiece. Two years ago we ran a big, fat, front page picture of the President with his arm around Mattiece. He contributed the absolute top limit to his campaign. If what you say is true and it comes out, the President is history I know Coal, the man who pulls the strings that made him President.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (2) 142

GRANTHAM (CONT'D)
They won't let that happen. They'll weave a coverup that'll make Watergate look like kiddies playing hide and seek.

DARBY
It didn't work with Watergate.

GRANTHAM
Oh, Darby. Don't you know that for every Watergate that comes to light, there are more that never surface? The word goes out and suddenly things that happened didn't happen, and evidence that was no longer is. You will be the only witness to the murders that connect the assassinations to your Brief. Disappear and so will justice. Is that what Callahan would want?

DARBY
Thomas would want me to see my twenty-fifth birthday. Even my thirtieth.
(beat)
Go back to Washington, Gray. And be careful. I'd miss your byline.

143 INT. DARBY'S SUITE (NEW YORK) - SITTING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT OF GRANTHAM'S BAG - SITTING ROOM - DAY 143

CAMERA PULLS BACK as he lifts it up, revealing Darby watching him. He is showered and redressed.

GRANTHAM
You'll call?

DARBY
I may decide to hop a plane and disappear.

GRANTHAM
You are a tough one.

DARBY
Thank the Lord.

He goes over to her to kiss her good-bye, but she pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: 143

DARBY
Don't you understand? Rage is all that keeps me going.

He leaves, shutting the door behind him.

GRANTHAM (O.S.)
I'll wait until I hear the bolt.

She goes to the door and bolts it. She leans against the door, not tough at all.

144 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY 144

Darby sits on a bench next to a young WOMAN holding a reflector underneath her chin. She closes her eyes and turns her face into the sun, reaching for sustenance from its warmth.

She opens her eyes. Warmth turns to horror.

DARBY'S POV - DAY

Stump coming up the path.

DARBY ON THE BENCH - DAY

She yanks the reflector away from the young Woman, puts it under her chin and lifts her face to the sun. The reflector hides her face.

WOMAN
You've got some nerve!

DARBY
Please. There's a man, a stumpy, stocky man. Has he walked by?

PATH IN FRONT OF DARBY - DAY

Stump walks past her.

WOMAN
He's walking by right now.

DARBY
Please. Please. Tell me when he's past. He's been harassing me.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: 144

WOMAN
He's past.

She hands back the reflector to the young Woman.

DARBY
(as she stands up)
You may have saved my life.

The Woman shrugs, as if to say, "You meet all kinds!" She watches Darby walk down the path in the opposite direction.

145 INT. GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT 145

The PHONE is RINGING in the dark apartment. The ANSWERING MACHINE switches ON.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
This is Gray Grantham.

CLOSE SHOT - PHONE

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
I'm not here right now, but if you leave a message at the sound of the beep, I will return the call.

CAMERA PANS DOWN UNDER the phone to reveal the monitoring attachment we saw planted.

SCREECH OF the BEEP OVER.

DARBY (V.O.)
It's Darby. By the time you hear this, Gray, I'll be in the air.

146 EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - NIGHT 146

Darby entering the International Departure Building. She looks in back of her.

DARBY'S POV

Another car drives up. A man gets out. Does he look familiar, or is her imagination playing tricks? She hurries into the building.

147 INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - SECURITY CLEARANCE - NIGHT 147

Darby shows her ticket.

INSERT

One way El Al ticket to Tel Aviv.

BACK TO SCENE

She goes through clearance. As Darby goes through to the other side and disappears in the crowd.

The man we saw get out of the car tries to duck through in back of her. He is surrounded by beefy El Al Security Police.

148 NEWARK AIRPORT - EL AL GATE - TEL AVIV FLIGHT - NIGHT 148

Darby sits down in the waiting area with the other passengers waiting to board.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)
Passengers for El Al flight 110 for Tel Aviv, please board.

Darby rises.

DARBY (V.O.)
(from answering machine)
It's Darby. By the time you hear this, Gray, I'll be in the air.

She disappears with the other passengers, OUT OF FRAME.

DARBY (V.O.)
(from answering machine)
On my way to nowhere.

149 GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 149

Gray sits on the bed, listening to the answering machine.

DARBY (V.O.)
(from answering machine)
Try to understand.

CLICK FROM the ANSWERING MACHINE, as she hangs up.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)
(electronic voice)
That was your last message. I will erase your messages. I will erase your messages.

Gray doesn't move.

Sound of SUBWAY ROARING through a station OVER.

150 INT. WASHINGTON SUBWAY STATION - DAY 150

Gray stands in the middle of crowd of people as a train comes in. Sarge comes up to him. They don't look at each other.

SARGE
They're all shook up about you asking about some pelican something.

GRANTHAM
I expected that.

The train doors open. People come pouring out.

SARGE
It's like the Gestapo over there. Coal clears everything. They put me on medical leave for ninety days.

GRANTHAM
What's wrong with you?

SARGE
Nothin'. I've never seen it this bad.

People around them on the platform push into the train.

SARGE
I'm worried about you, son. I just hope you're not in danger.

Gray watches as Sarge walks into the train. The doors slam shut. The TRAIN ROARS out of the station, leaving Gray alone.

151 SMITH (V.O.) 151
What the fuck is going on with you?

INT. MADISON HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

A depressed Gray is having lunch with Smith Keen.

GRANTHAM
I lost my sources at the White House. Coal's intensified his reign of terror. They're calling it the Big White Bunker. I've had no luck on Garcia, and I told you, I've lost the girl. She was the key.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

SMITH KEEN
She gave you all her information. You've got one helluva lot to follow up.

GRANTHAM
I am.

SMITH KEEN
What's she like?

GRANTHAM
What?

SMITH KEEN
The girl?

GRANTHAM
I told you.

SMITH KEEN
You told me smart, you told me gutsy, you told me tough. You didn't say a word about her looks.

GRANTHAM
Jesus, Smith. I'm not exactly in the mood for some jerk-off conversation.

SMITH KEEN
Do you have a picture of her?

GRANTHAM
Yeah. But it doesn't do her justice.

SMITH KEEN
(putting down his knife and fork)
Son of a bitch! The mighty swordsman has finally fallen.

GRANTHAM
Knock it off, Smith...

SMITH KEEN
You need time to regroup. Why don't you go down to that dinky little cabin of yours, take the weekend off, build a fire, play sad songs and mope --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: (2) 151

SMITH KEEN (CONT'D)
-- that, or fuck your brains out. But I want you back Monday morning on the story -- depressed, manic, or any points between.

152 EXT. WEST VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS - HIGH WIDE ANGLE - LATE AFTERNOON 152

No sign of human habitation.

The stillness is broken by the sound of an AXE.

CLOSEUP - GRANTHAM

He chops wood with a vengeance.

153 INT. GRANTHAM'S CABIN - NIGHT 153

Gray is asleep in bed. THUNDER and lightning and a drenching rain through the window.

A sound outside. A TREE CREAKING? An ANIMAL?

The SOUND again. CLOSER.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY OVER TO the window.

A shadow of a figure at the window. It disappears.

CLOSE SHOT - GRANTHAM - NIGHT

His eyes open.

He rises and reaches for a hunting rifle that leans against the wall. He reaches into a drawer for bullets and loads it.

He pushes himself flat against the wall, beside the window, and aims the RIFLE through it.

He aims it slightly above where anyone might be and FIRES a warning shot.

DARBY (O.S.)
(from outside)
Gray, it's Darby.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: 153

He picks up a flashlight off the floor and aims it through the window.

154 GRANTHAM'S POV THROUGH CABIN WINDOW - WOODS - NIGHT 154

Darby, framed by the light from the flashlight, stands among the trees, drenched with rain, like some wild child.

155 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 155

Darby has gotten into some of Gray's dry clothes. A freshly laid fire is roaring in the fireplace.

DARBY
You got my message?

GRAY
(pouring brandy)
And stupid me believed it.

DARBY
If someone bugged the phone in your apartment, I wanted them to think I'd left the country.

GRANTHAM
You think of everything.

DARBY
If I did, there'd be no Brief.

He hands her the brandy.

DARBY
I saw Stump yesterday in Central Park. Fortunately before he saw me. And there was a man who looked familiar -- I wasn't sure -- at Newark Airport. Thank the Lord for El Al security.

GRANTHAM
He's probably on a flight to Tel Aviv. How in hell did you find me?

DARBY
I called the paper and asked for your editor.

GRANTHAM
(incredulous)
Smith told you where I was?

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: 155

DARBY
I told him I was your sister Mary. And I was in from out of town and couldn't find you.

GRANTHAM
How did you know I had a sister Mary?

DARBY
You're not the only one who does research. Have you found Garcia?

GRANTHAM
I've spent the last two days covering the lobbies of White and Blazevitch and Brim, Stearn. But nothing. It's not encouraging.

DARBY
I have an idea that just might work.

156 INT. CABIN - LATER THAT NIGHT 156

The only light is from the dying fire. Gray is in bed. Darby lies on the floor next to the fireplace, with a big old coat of Gray's over her.

DARBY
You built this cabin?

GRANTHAM
On weekends and vacations. Took me two years to build one room.

DARBY
Great hideout.

He sits up.

GRANTHAM
This is ridiculous. You sleeping on the floor.

DARBY
I told you. The bed is yours. And I'm absolutely happy by the fire.

GRANTHAM
Even the Puritans slept in the same bed for warmth.

DARBY
They put a board between them.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: 156

GRANTHAM
I could work something up.

DARBY
Gray, I haven't even had a chance to mourn.

Silence. He lies back.

GRANTHAM
What changed your mind? About coming here?

DARBY
Thomas. You were right. He hated coverups.

157 EXT. WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA - DAY 157

The Eighteenth Century reproduction town is mobbed with tourists. Smith Keen wanders through the crowd, searching.

158 EXT. WILLIAMSBURG - KEEN'S POV - DAY 158

Gray appears out of a crowd of tourists and goes over to him.

BACK TO SCENE

They walk together.

GRANTHAM
I thought a visit to Williamsburg might do your soul some good.

SMITH KEEN
Are you losing it? People are talking. They haven't seen you at your desk in days. What the hell is going on?

GRANTHAM
She's here.

SMITH KEEN
Bird Girl?

Gray nods.

GRANTHAM
She's got me stashed away at a little hotel nobody has ever heard of.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: 158

Smith eyes him.

SMITH KEEN
This is one helluva time to be punching notches in your belt.

GRANTHAM
We're not even in the same hotel. She's helping me search for Garcia. She won't let me go back to my apartment. Or even to the paper. I keep renting cars and she keeps moving us around.

SMITH KEEN
It sounds like she's the one with the controls.

GRANTHAM
You got it. She makes the rules. And I obey.

SMITH KEEN
I don't like it.

GRANTHAM
It's the only way she'll play.

SMITH KEEN
You look like you're having too much fun.

GRANTHAM
You know me. I love my work.

SMITH KEEN
I feel better when you're anxious and a bunch of nerves.

GRANTHAM
I'll try to work on that.

SMITH KEEN
What if you can't find Garcia?

GRANTHAM
We fall back to plan B.

SMITH KEEN
So what's plan B?

GRANTHAM
We attack the lawyers.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: (2) 158

SMITH KEEN
What if it's another firm? Not in Washington?

GRANTHAM
Then we go to plan C.

SMITH KEEN
And what's that?

GRANTHAM
I don't know. She hasn't gotten that far yet.

Gray smiles happily. Keen looks at him disgustedly.

159 INT. SMITH KEEN'S CAR - VIRGINIA ROAD - DAY 159

Gray is sitting beside Smith Keen, who is driving. He turns around and checks the cars in back.

SMITH KEEN
Was fucking Williamsburg her idea?

GRANTHAM
I didn't tell her we were meeting. It might have made her nervous.

SMITH KEEN
Does she know I can throw you into the ranks of unemployed?

GRANTHAM
If you <u>have</u> to get in touch with me, I'm at the Marbury Hotel. Room eight-thirty-three. Don't ask for me by name.

Gray checks the cars in back of them again.

GRANTHAM
Would you mind getting off at this exit?

SMITH KEEN
Why?

GRANTHAM
That tan car two cars in back of us has been two cars in back of us since we hit the freeway.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: 159

Keen turns off at the exit. Gray watches as the tan car continues on the freeway.

GRANTHAM
There's nothing like a false alarm to warm the heart.

160 INT. MARBURY HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY 160

Gray walks up to his room. An Asian MAID is pushing her cart near his room. He stops at his door and pulls the key from his pocket.

MAID
You forget something, sir?

GRANTHAM
Well, no. Why?

The maid takes a step closer to him.

MAID
You just left, sir, and now you are back.

GRANTHAM
I left four hours ago.

MAID
No, sir. A man left your room ten minutes ago. But, sir, now I think it was another man.

161 INT. HOTEL STAIRCASE - DAY 161

As Gray runs down the stairs.

162 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY 162

Gray opens the door from the staircase to the lobby. He looks around and sees a man who he thinks may be familiar. He shuts the door.

163 INT. HOTEL - BASEMENT - DAY 163

Gray walks through the service areas.

164 EXT. HOTEL - SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY 164

He ducks into the alley in back of the hotel and runs over to the street.

165 EXT. HOTEL - STREET IN FRONT OF HOTEL - DAY 165

Gray hails a cab.

166 INT. CAB - DAY 166

Gray gets in the cab and looks in back.

167 GRANTHAM'S POV - FRONT OF HOTEL THROUGH WINDOW - DAY 167

The man in the lobby hailing a cab in back of him.

168 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY 168

Gray's cab cuts around a corner. Gray looks in back of him. The cab with the man from the lobby follows.

169 EXT. ANOTHER WASHINGTON STREET - DAY 169

Gray's cab whirls around the corner. The driver SCREECH-ES on his BRAKES. A big parade is stopping traffic.

170 INT. GRANTHAM'S CAB - DAY 170

The cab driver turns to Gray and shrugs. Gray ducks out of the cab.

171 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - WIDE ANGLE - DAY 171

Of the mass of marching people, great banners raised on high. As seen from the back. We can't see their faces.

172 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - VERY CLOSE SHOT - GRANTHAM - DAY 172

marching. The CAMERA PULLS BACK AND BACK TO REVEAL he is in the center of a mass of Asian faces marching in an Asian Pride parade.

173 INT. EDWARD BENNETT WILLIAMS LAW LIBRARY - EARLY EVENING 173

Darby sits at a table going over volume five of Martindale-Hubbell.

INSERT - VOLUME

As she comes to the section on D.C. law firms. She checks out White and Blazevich... Page after page listing members of the firm. Names, birth dates, birthplaces, schools, professional organizations, etc.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: 173

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

She writes the names in a notebook.

A man's BACK FILLS MOST OF the SCREEN as he walks in front of her.

GRANTHAM
(a whisper)
Darby.

She looks up.

GRANTHAM
Meet me in the stacks.

His BACK PASSES FROM the SCREEN, leaving a disturbed Darby.

174 INT. GEORGETOWN LAW LIBRARY - STACKS - DAY 174

Gray appears to be looking for some book, as Darby comes up to him. She pulls out a book, and leafs through it. They whisper.

DARBY
You're not supposed to be here.

GRANTHAM
The maid said some man was in my room.

DARBY
Did you tell anyone your room number? Where you were staying?

GRANTHAM
Only Smith Keen. But he'd never repeat it.

DARBY
Where were you when you told him?

GRANTHAM
In his car.

DARBY
Everyone in Washington knows you report to Smith Keen. So I would assume his car is wired.

A BELL GOES OFF: closing time.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: 174

GRANTHAM
Where do you want me to sleep tonight?

DARBY
See if you can get a room in my hotel.

GRANTHAM
Where you can keep an eye on me.

She gives him a look that says "Damned right."

GRANTHAM
(whisper)
What if the place is full?

DARBY
Then you can sleep in my bathroom. With the door closed.

175 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT 175

Gray, a pillow under his head and a blanket over his body, asleep on the bathroom floor.

A thin sliver of light comes over him.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY - NIGHT

She looks at him through the partially-opened door. A touch of amusement crosses her face.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
I didn't tell her we were meeting. It might have made her nervous.

She shuts the door.

176 BARR'S OFFICE - NIGHT 176

INSERT - TAPE RECORDER - NIGHT

Playing:

SMITH (V.O.)
Does she know I can throw you into the ranks of unemployed?

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: 176

MED. SHOT - BARR AND COAL

Barr and Coal are listening to the tape of Gray's conversation with Smith Keen in his car.

COAL
(listening)
So the girl's with him right here in Washington.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
If you have to get in touch with me I'm at the Marbury Hotel. Room Eight-thirty-three. Don't ask for me by name.

BARR
We checked. There was nothing in his room. We thought we might find his notes.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
Would you mind getting off at this exit?

BARR
She must have told him everything that was in the brief.

SMITH KEEN (V.O.)
Why?

BARR
Clearly, they're collaborating.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
That tan car two cars in back of us has been two cars in back of us since we hit the freeway.

COAL
What do you think Mattiece would do if he thought Grantham had the story and was about to spread it across the front page of the Washington Post?

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
There's nothing like a false alarm to warm the heart.

Barr turns off the tape recorder.

COAL
He's not afraid of killing people.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: (2) 176

INSERT - PHONE BOOK - DAY

Darby's finger slides down the Georgetown numbers and stops at Georgetown Law School.

COAL (V.O.)
Is he?

177 INT. DARBY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 177

Darby punches phone. Gray, across from her observes.

DARBY
(into phone)
Placement office, please. Yes, this is Sandra Jernigan. I'm a partner with White and Blazevich here in town, and we're having a problem with our computers. We're trying to reconstruct some payroll records, and the accountants have asked me to ask you for the names of your students who clerked here last summer. I think there were seven of them.

178 INT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL - PLACEMENT OFFICE - DAY 178

A serious-looking woman hard at work.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
I'm from White and Blazevich. You have something for me?

The woman hands him an envelope.

179 INT. GEORGETOWN LIBRARY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 179

INSERT - PIECE OF PAPER

Containing a list of Georgetown law students who interned at White and Blazevitch last summer. Phone numbers are written in Darby's hand next to four of the five names. Darby's hand holding a pen comes INTO FRAME. She writes another number next to a fifth name.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

Gray stands over Darby at a table, while she copies a number from a phone book next to the piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: 179

DARBY
I'll call these five, and see who's at home. You take the two with no phone number, and get their class schedules from the registrar.

180 INSERT - LIST OF NAMES ON PHONE BOOTH SHELF 180

Darby's finger is next to the name James Maylor.

Sound of a NUMBER RINGING.

INT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Darby's hand on the list, the other hand holding the phone.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Hello.

DARBY
Is this Dennis Maylor?

MALE VOICE
No, I'm James Maylor.

DARBY
Sorry.

She hangs up and writes next to his name -- "At home."

181 INT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL - THIRD FLOOR - REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - DAY 181

Gray goes up to a rather IMPRESSIVE-LOOKING WOMAN.

GRANTHAM
I'm Gray Grantham with the Washington Post, and I'm trying to find two of your students, Laura Kaas and Michael Akers.

REGISTRAR (IMPRESSIVE-LOOKING WOMAN)
Is there a problem?

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: 181

GRANTHAM
Not at all. Just a few questions. Are they in class this morning?

He smiles his warm, trusting smile.

REGISTRAR
Do you have an I.D.?

GRANTHAM
Certainly.

He takes out his wallet, opens it and slowly waves it at her.

182 INT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL LIBRARY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 182

INSERT - COMPUTER PRINTOUTS

Being laid on the table.

GRANTHAM (O.S.)
Akers has criminal procedure. Kaas has administrative law; both from nine to ten.

WIDE ANGLE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Darby looks at the schedules as Gray stands over her.

DARBY
I'll try to find them.

She takes a pad with her notes and hands it to Gray.

DARBY
Maylor, Reinhart, and Wilson were at home. I souldn't get Ratliff and Linney.

GRANTHAM
(looking at the notes)
I can be at Maylor's in a few minutes.

183 INT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL - LOBBY - DAY 183

Darby studies the fall listing of classes on the bulletin board across the lobby from the phones.

A YOUNG WOMAN with a backpack and hiking boots stops nearby and looks at the board.

DARBY
Excuse me. Would you happen to know Laura Kaas?

YOUNG WOMAN
Sure.

DARBY
I need to give her a message. Could you point her out? She's in administrative law under Ship, room 207.

184 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CLASSROOM - DAY 184

Darby goes up to tall girl coming out of class.

DARBY
Excuse me, Miss Kaas. I'm Sara Jacobs, and I'm working on a story for the Washington Post. You clerked for White and Blazevich last summer. Can I ask you a few questions?

LAURA
What about?

Darby walks to an empty classroom. Laura follows.

INSERT - PHOTO OF GARCIA IN DARBY'S HAND

DARBY (V.O.)
Do you recognize this man? He's a lawyer at White and Blazevich.

185 INT. SMALL LAW SCHOOL LIBRARY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 185

In which Darby and Gray met before.

INSERT - PAD OF GRANTHAM'S NOTES

Lists of names of summer interns at White and Blazevich. A pencil checks off names.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: 185

GRANTHAM (O.S.)
No, no, no, no, no.

CAMERA DROPS BACK TO LOOSE ANGLE of Gray and Darby.

GRANTHAM
I'm off to find Edward Linney, who according to this list has clerked the past two summers at W. and B.

DARBY
(going over her list)
Unlisted phone number.

GRANTHAM
But an address.

DARBY
I'll keep hanging out in front of the bulletin board. Maybe I'll get another miracle and walk right into Akers.

GRANTHAM
You don't get miracles, my love. You make them.
(beat)
Sorry.
(as she exits the room)
That just came out.

186 INT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY 186

Students pouring out of a classroom. Darby is talking to a shy-looking YOUNG MAN.

YOUNG MAN
(pointing to a group of men walking toward the front entrance)
That's Michael Akers, in the gray sweater.

DARBY
Thanks.

187 EXT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY 187

The group disassembles as it leaves the building. Akers and a friend are on the sidewalk.

DARBY
(coming out the door)
Mr. Akers.

They both stop and turn around.

AKERS
Yes?

DARBY
My name is Sara Jacobs, and I'm working on a story for the Washington Post. Can I speak to you alone?

AKERS
Sure.

He gives the friend a hint. He leaves.

DARBY
Did you clerk for White and Blazevich last summer?

AKERS
Yes. How about doing this over a little lunch?

DARBY
Gee, I wish I could.
(showing him the photo)
Do you recognize this man? He works for White and Blazevich.

AKERS
I don't think so. But maybe it'll come to me over a little dinner, Sarah. I'm a mean man with a spatula.

DARBY
(she gets the message)
My husband's the jealous type.

Sound OVER of HELICOPTER MOTOR.

188 EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY 188

The President walks across the lawn, walking a dog on a leash. He is dressed in Camp David clothes, a leather jacket and slacks. He waves at the usual throng of REPORTERS.

REPORTER
Anything new, Mr. President, on who you're nominating for the Court?

PRESIDENT
I'll have an announcement after the weekend.

REPORTER
Does the Justice Department have anything new on the assassination investigation?

The President just gives a pleasant wave and hands his dog over to an assistant who lifts him into the plane. The President climbs in after him. He turns around and gives one final beaming smile and wave at the assembled press and the door is shut.

The helicopter lifts up into the air.

189 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 189

The President sits next to Coal.

COAL
You're not going to have those nominations to announce next week.

PRESIDENT
You said they'd be vetted by the weekend.

COAL
There has to be a change in plans.

PRESIDENT
I don't understand.

COAL
The Pelican Brief.

PRESIDENT
What about the Pelican Brief? I thought that was history.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: 189

COAL
We have reason to believe Grantham's gotten hold of it.

PRESIDENT
Mattiece will sue the pants off them if they try to publish that.

COAL
Not if it's true.

The President studies Coal's sober face.

PRESIDENT
You think it's true.

COAL
(very calm)
I know what Grantham's going to write: A man the President knew and took millions from. Paid money to have two Superior Court Justices knocked off so his pal the President could appoint more reasonable men to the bench so that his oil could be harvested.

PRESIDENT
Jesus!

COAL
That's the best case scenario. If one of Voyles' henchmen leaks that you asked him to hold off investigating the Brief, we could be into an Obstruction charge. But all is not lost yet. I have a plan of last resort.

PRESIDENT
What's your plan?

COAL
We appoint two nature lovers to the Court, good little environmentalists who would kill Mattiece and his oil field, etc.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: (2) 189

COAL (CONT'D)
Almost simultaneously, you will call in Voyles and the Attorney General and Justice and demand an immediate investigation into Mattiece. We'll leak copies of the Brief to every reporter in town, then hunker down and ride out the storm.

PRESIDENT
There must be a way to stop that information from coming out.

COAL
I'm working on it.

PRESIDENT
What? How?

COAL
Mr. President, you don't want to know.

190 INT. NATIONAL AIRPORT SHUTTLE GATE - DAY 190

Passengers from the arriving plane pour in. The usual business types; among them, a very serious, determined Edwin Sneller.

191 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET CORNER - DAY 191

A new Hertz Pontiac stops at the corner. Darby rushes out of a building and jumps in.

192 INT. HERTZ PONTIAC - DAY 192

Gray is driving. Darby settles into her seat, as he pulls away.

GRANTHAM
(going over the list)
Our last hope, our best hope, Edward Linney, wasn't home.

DARBY
What's his class schedule?

GRANTHAM
Shit, I didn't get it.

193 INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - DAY 193

Gray flashes a smile to the Registrar. A STUDENT is going over files in back of her.

GRANTHAM
Hi, here I am again. I need another class schedule. For Edward Linney.

REGISTRAR
Sorry. One of the students you talked to this morning called White and Blazevich and they called the assistant dean. No more class schedules will be given to reporters.

194 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE 194

Gray comes out and makes his way to the entrance to the building.

STUDENT (O.S.)
Mr. Grantham.

Gray turns around and sees the Student who worked in the Registrar's office running towards him.

STUDENT
I know Edward. He's sort of dropped out of school for a while. Personal problems.

GRANTHAM
Where is he?

STUDENT
His parents put him in a private hospital. He's being detoxified.

195 EXT. PARKLANE HOSPITAL - DAY 195

A detox center for the rich, it is a small building surrounded by trees and sitting alone, a half-mile off the highway.

Gray parks the car outside the entrance.

196 INT. PARKLANE HOSPITAL - LOBBY 196

Gray enters the lobby and goes over to the RECEPTIONIST.

GRANTHAM
I'm here to see Edward Linney. What room is he in?

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: 196

RECEPTIONIST
And who might you be?

GRANTHAM
(the warm and friendly Gray)
Gray Grantham, with the Washington Post. They told me at the law school I could ask him a couple of questions.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry they told you that. You see, Mr. Grantham, we run this hospital, and they run their law school.

Darby enters the lobby in the background. Gray stands so that the Receptionist doesn't see her.

GRANTHAM
Could I see the administrator?

RECEPTIONIST
You may have a seat.

GRANTHAM
Thank you.

She leaves and Gray turns to Darby. Darby walks through a pair of double doors.

197 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 197

Darby walks down the corridor, checking the names of the patients on the doors.

198 INT. LOBBY - RECEPTION DESK - DAY 198

A very bureaucratic ADMINISTRATOR is talking to Gray.

ADMINISTRATOR
Mr...

GRANTHAM
Grantham.

ADMINISTRATOR
Yes... Visitation is only allowed on Saturdays and Sundays, and then only family.

199 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 199

Darby stops at a door with the name Edward Linney on it.

She knocks.

200 INT. LOBBY - DAY 200

GRANTHAM
When do you expect Mr. Linney to be discharged?

ADMINISTRATOR
I'm afraid that is absolutely confidential.

Gray gives a furtive glance towards the door behind which Darby disappeared. He is clearly stalling.

GRANTHAM
Probably when his insurance expires.

ADMINISTRATOR
(enraged)
What?

201 INSERT - TELEPHOTO LENS OF GARCIA - DAY 201

DARBY (O.S.)
Do you recognize this man?

INT. EDWARD L. LINNEY'S ROOM - DAY

EDWARD LINNEY, a rather delicate young man, looks at the photo in Darby's hand.

LINNEY
What's his name?

DARBY
(discouraged)
That's the whole point. We don't know.

LINNEY
He works in the oil and gas section on the ninth floor. What is his name?

Darby practically holds her breath.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: 201

LINNEY
Morgan. Yep, Morgan. His first name is something like Charles, but that's not it.

DARBY
I can't tell you how grateful I am.

LINNEY
You know, when you opened the door, I thought I was hallucinating again.

DARBY
(as she backs away from the bed)
I'm really sorry.

LINNEY
Oh, no. I'll take a hallucination like that any time.

202 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LINNEY'S ROOM - DAY 202

Darby comes out of the room and quietly closes the door behind her. She scoots toward the lobby.

VOICE (O.S.)
(from behind her)
Hey! You!

Darby turns and faces a tall SECURITY GUARD with a gun on his hip.

SECURITY GUARD
(as he backs her into the wall)
What're you doing?

DARBY
You scared me. I was visiting my brother.

SECURITY GUARD
Who's your brother?

DARBY
Edward Linney...

The door to Linney's room opens, revealing Linney in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: 202

SECURITY GUARD
This your sister?

Darby leads with her eyes.

LINNEY
Yeah, leave her alone.

DARBY
Mom will be up this weekend.

LINNEY
And Sarah?

DARBY
Yes, Edward?

LINNEY
(really meaning it)
You come back soon.

DARBY
I'll try.

203 INT. LOBBY - DAY 203

GRANTHAM
(to Administrator)
I hate to sound preachy, but I know you agree with me about the horrendous cost of health care.

ADMINISTRATOR
Of course, of course.

Darby enters quickly through the doors, and is almost to the front door when the Administrator sees her.

ADMINISTRATOR
Miss! Oh, miss! Can I have your name?

Darby is out the front door. Gray shrugs at the Administrator and casually leaves the building.

204 EXT. PARKLANE DRIVE (WASHINGTON) - DAY 204

CAMERA FOLLOWS their Hertz Pontiac. Gray is driving like a bat out of hell.

The CAMERA lets Gray's car SLIDE OUT OF FRAME. Another car appears in back of them.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED: 204

CAMERA ZOOMS IN, revealing Rupert behind the wheel. He is holding a phone with his other hand.

205 INT. RUPERT'S CAR - DAY 205

RUPERT
(into phone)
I got 'em!

206 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY 206

Gray holding the phone to his ear.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
I find no listing for a Curtis Morgan.

207 INT. CAR - DAY 207

Gray enters the car. He starts it quickly.

GRANTHAM
No luck. He must be unlisted.
(looking at his watch)
It's quarter till four. We'll have to hurry.

DARBY
Where are we going?

GRANTHAM
Into the eye of the storm. If we can make it before closing.

DARBY
White and Blazevich? They'll know who you are.

GRANTHAM
That's true.

DARBY
And what if they associate me with the inquiry at Georgetown?

GRANTHAM
We're talking about getting by a receptionist who doesn't have the least idea of anything that's going on.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: 207

DARBY
Maybe we better think about this some more.

GRANTHAM
Okay. We'll think about it.

208 INT. NINTH FLOOR RECEPTION ROOM - DAY 208

The RECEPTIONIST sits before a wall with the name WHITE AND BLAZEVICH emblazoned in brass letters.

RECEPTIONIST
May I help you?

DARBY
My name is Dorothy Blythe. I have a five o'clock appointment with Curtis Morgan.

The Receptionist looks stunned.

DARBY
Is something the matter?

RECEPTIONIST
Just a moment.

She stands quickly, and disappears in a rush.

Darby has a moment of terror, not sure if she should run and cut her losses.

A MAN of about fifty comes over to her, followed by the Receptionist.

MAN
You say you have an appointment with Curtis Morgan?

DARBY
Yes. At five.

MAN
(inching closer)
When did you make the appointment?

DARBY
About two weeks ago. I met Curtis at a party in Georgetown. He told me he as an oil and gas lawyer, and I happen to need one.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED: 208

The elevator door opens, and SCHWABE, a man in a cheap suit approaches quickly to join the conversation. Darby scowls at him.

SCHWABE
Curtis Morgan is dead.

DARBY
My God, he was such a young man! Why didn't anyone call me?

SCHWABE
We have no record of an appointment with a Dorothy Blythe.

DARBY
What happened to him?

SCHWABE
He was mugged a week ago. Shot by street punks, we believe.

The guy in the cheap suit takes a step closer.

SCHWABE
Do you have any identification?

DARBY
Who in the hell are you?

SCHWABE
He's security.

DARBY
Security for what? Is this a law firm or a prison?

SCHWABE
Why don't you leave, Ms. Blythe?

DARBY
I can't wait!

The security Man reaches to assist her.

MAN
(reaching to assist her)
Here.

Darby slaps his hand.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED: (2) 208

DARBY
Touch me and I'll sue your ass first thing tomorrow morning.

The men are a bit shaken.

MAN
I'll see you down.

DARBY
I know how to leave.
(stepping backward)
I paid a half a million last year in legal fees.

She is now in the corner of the lobby.

DARBY
And I've got a million to pay next year, but you idiots won't get it.

The closer she gets to the elevator, the louder she yells.

The Security Man is at the elevator now, holding the door open for her. They watch her until the elevator door shuts on her and she is gone.

209 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY 209

Darby runs out of the elevator and runs right into a big distinguished middle-aged man who is waiting to enter the elevator. The CAMERA SLAMS INTO his face as Darby hits him. Their eyes face right into each other. It is Sneller.

Darby, of course, has no idea who he is. And, at first, Sneller, in his surprise, has no idea who she is. He walks into the elevator. As the doors start to shut, it hits him. He runs out of the elevator.

SNELLER'S POV

Darby running to Gray's rented car. Gray, seeing her terror, STARTS the MOTOR. She jumps into the CAR and he's off. Gray SCREECHES to a stop at the exit and hands the attendant his ticket and a bill and races out.

210 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - TWILIGHT 210

The CAR ROARS down the street, slows abruptly and whirls into an alley.

211 DESERTED BACK ALLEY - TWILIGHT 211

The CAR comes to a SCREECHING halt. Darby jumps out and throws up against a wall.

Gray gets out of the car and goes over to her. She starts to sob uncontrollably.

He reaches out to take her in his arms. But lunging wildly, violently, she pushes, then kicks him away.

He stands there helplessly, as she continues sobbing.

212 INT. DARBY'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING 212

Gray paces along the end of the bed, holding the phone. Darby is stretched out on the bed, her eyes closed.

SMITH KEEN (V.O.)
We ran a story about a young lawyer who was robbed and shot about a week ago. I'll check it out.

GRANTHAM
I need his wife's name and address, if we have it.

SMITH KEEN (V.O.)
I'll call you back. What's your number?

GRANTHAM
I'll call you.

He hangs up.

He goes over to the bed and sits down next to her.

GRANTHAM
Now look me in the face.

She looks at him. He's very serious.

GRANTHAM
It's time for you to leave.

DARBY
And if you need confirmation for the story?

GRANTHAM
I'm on my own.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED: 212

DARBY
What's changed your mind?

GRANTHAM
I want you to reach 25, my love.

He picks up the phone and punches a number.

GRANTHAM
Sorry, that's the second time.
(into phone)
Smith, it's Gray.

SMITH KEEN (V.O.)
I've got the obit here. The usual unsolved mugging stuff. I got the widow's address from the guys who cover police. Priscilla Morgan, 225 Willow Road, Bethesda.

GRANTHAM
(writing)
225 Willow Road.

SMITH KEEN (V.O.)
Make sure you report in before noon tomorrow. We're nervous over here.
(beat)
You know, Grantham, good help is hard to find.

He hangs up.

DARBY
I'm going with you.

GRANTHAM
It's too risky, Darby. What if they're watching the house?

DARBY
It's a little late for you to bring up risks.

213 EXT. NEAT SUBURB (ALEXANDRIA) - MORGAN HOUSE - NIGHT 213

Gray with Darby. He rings the doorbell.

The door opens slightly.

OLDER MAN
(from behind the door)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED: 213

GRANTHAM
I'm Gray Grantham with the Washington Post and this is my assistant, Sara Jacobs.

Darby smiles reassuringly.

GRANTHAM
We would like to speak with Mrs. Morgan.

OLDER MAN
I'm her father, and she doesn't want to talk.

GRANTHAM
Sir, I respect her privacy, and I know what she's been through.

OLDER MAN
Since when do you guys respect anyone's privacy?

GRANTHAM
Her husband called me three times before he died. I don't believe his death was a random killing by street punks.

OLDER MAN
My daughter doesn't want to talk. Now get the hell out of here.

He slams the door shut.

Gray takes a card out of his pocket. The number of his hotel and room number are on the back. He slips it underneath the door.

GRANTHAM
(through door)
If she changes her mind, the number's on the back. Ask for the room number. But please, don't ask for me by name.

214 INT. CAR - NIGHT 214

Gray is driving.

GRANTHAM
I'll try again tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED: 214

She studies the obstinate, relentless determination of his face.

DARBY
And tomorrow.

GRANTHAM
And the tomorrow after that.

Silence.

GRANTHAM
We're only fifteen minutes from the airport. You can be out of here in an hour.

DARBY
Tomorrow.

215 INT. DARBY'S ROOM - NIGHT 215

Darby lies in bed, staring at the ceiling.

DARBY (V.O.)
After I figure where to go.

216 INT. GRANTHAM'S ROOM - JEFFERSON HOTEL - NIGHT 216

Gray lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

GRANTHAM
Yes?

WOMAN (V.O.)
Mr. Grantham?

GRANTHAM
Yes.

WOMAN (V.O.)
(interrupting)
This is Mrs. Morgan.

GRANTHAM
(controlling his excitement)
I'm sorry if we upset you.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED: 216

MRS. MORGAN (WOMAN) (V.O.)
My father is very protective. The reporters were awful after Curtis was killed.

GRANTHAM
Did you know he called me?

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)
No. What did he say to you?

GRANTHAM
He said he knew something about the assassinations of Justices Rosenberg and Jensen. We had planned to meet, but he called and said no. He was scared, and said he had to protect his family. Did you know any of this?

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)
No.

A look of bitter disappointment crosses Gray's face.

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)
How would he know anything about those dead judges?

GRANTHAM
Mrs. Morgan, I wish I knew. Where did he keep his valuable papers?

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)
We have a lockbox at the bank for deeds and wills and stuff. I looked at it last Thursday with my father, and there was nothing unusual in it. Then Saturday morning, I was going through his papers in his desk in the bedroom and I found something a bit unusual. A key.

GRANTHAM
A key to what?

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)
Another lockbox.

GRANTHAM
Which bank?

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED: (2) 216

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)
First Columbia. We've never banked there.

GRANTHAM
I see. And you knew nothing about this other lockbox?

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)
Not until Saturday morning. I found all of our legal papers in the old lockbox, so I had no reason to check this one. I figured I'd run by when I felt up to it. On top of everything else, I'm battling flu.

GRANTHAM
Would you like me to check it for you?

Silence.

GRANTHAM
There could be a clue to who killed your husband.

Silence.

GRANTHAM
Mrs. Morgan, we could be running out of time.

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)
I would think they wouldn't give it to anybody but his wife. But my father said your partner is a woman.

GRANTHAM
And totally trustworthy.

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)
I would have one condition. If you find some thing that disparages my husband in any way, you can't use it.

GRANTHAM
It's a deal. I swear.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED: (3) 216

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)
I think you should know that our bank froze our box as soon as they learned of Curtis' death, and that I was allowed only to view the contents and make an inventory. The box will be released to me only after the tax auditors finish their work.

GRANTHAM
Of course, you don't know whether or not First Columbia knows Curtis is dead.

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)
I have no idea. Do you want the key?

GRANTHAM
Do you have it in your hand?

He gets up and starts to dress.

217 INT. MADISON HOTEL SUITE (WASHINGTON) - DAY 217

Sneller sits in a chair, his eyes kept at the view through the window.

218 SNELLER'S POV - WASHINGTON POST DIRECTLY ACROSS STREET - DAY 218

219 INT. BANK - DAY 219

Darby enters the revolving doors into a lobby as big as a football field.

DARBY
(to a young woman at the information desk)
Safe deposit boxes?

The girl points to a corner in the far right.

Darby gets up to a set of massive bronze doors. To the left, an important-looking lady of sixty sits behind a desk with the words SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES across its front.

DARBY
(to woman)
I need access to a box.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED: 219

WOMAN
(turning to her computer keyboard)
The number, please.

DARBY
F566.

The Woman punches the number and waits for the words to flash on the screen. She frowns, and moves her face to within inches of it.

WOMAN
That was rented two weeks ago.

DARBY
Yes.

WOMAN
I assume you're Mrs. Morgan.

DARBY
Yes, Beverly Anne Morgan.

WOMAN
And your address?

DARBY
891 Pembroke, Alexandria.

She pecks again.

WOMAN
Phone number?

DARBY
706-664-5980.

WOMAN
Who rented this box?

DARBY
My husband, Curtis D. Morgan.

WOMAN
And his social security number?

Darby casually opens her bag and pulls out her wallet.

DARBY
(as if reading from a card inside the wallet)
510-96-8686.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED: (2) 219

The Woman places a wide card on a small clipboard on the desk, and points at it.

WOMAN
Sign here, Mrs. Morgan.

Darby signs on the second slot. The Woman glances at the signature.

WOMAN
Do you have your key?

DARBY
Of course.

The Woman takes a small box from the drawer, and walks around the desk.

WOMAN
Follow me.

They go through the bronze doors.

220 INT. VAULT - DAY 220

The vault is a maze of hallways and small chambers. Two men in uniform walk by. Darby follows the Woman into one of the rooms.

221 INT. SAFE DEPOSIT BOX ROOM - DAY 221

The Woman goes over to F566 and sticks in the key. Darby inserts her key next to the other one. The Woman turns both keys, and slides the box two inches from its slot. She removes the bank key.

WOMAN
(pointing to a small booth)
When you finish, lock it back in place and come to my desk.

DARBY
Thanks.

The Woman leaves.

Darby slides the box from the wall.

INSERT - BOX

Inside there are two items; a thin, brown legal-sized envelope and an unmarked videotape.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED: 221

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

She stuffs the envelope and videotape in her shoulder bag, slides the box back into its slot, and leaves the room.

222 EXT. STREET - DAY 222

Darby opens the door to the car and gets in.

223 INT. CAR - DAY 223

He STARTS the CAR and speeds away.

She takes the envelope out of her purse and opens it. She pulls out a document.

DARBY
(studying the document)
It's a four page affidavit, sworn to under oath before a notary public... It's dated Friday.

GRANTHAM
The day before his last phone call to me.

DARBY
He's worked at White and Blazevich in the oil and gas section for five years. During that time, he worked for a client who was engaged in a huge lawsuit in south Louisiana. The client was a man named Victor Mattiece.

Darby looks at Gray. She doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

GRANTHAM
Keep going.

DARBY
(scanning the document)
Whom he'd never met... Lots about the lawsuit and how much it meant to Mattiece. How desperate he was to win it.

GRANTHAM
It's as if you wrote it.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED: 223

DARBY
A partner named F. Sims Wakefield, supervised the case for W. & B. Morgan worked on the periphery of the case.

BRAKES SQUEAL LOUDLY, and they brace for the impact. A car barely misses them.

GRANTHAM
Keep reading.

Gray yanks the gearshift into drive, and pulls the right front wheel over the curb and onto the sidewalk.

DARBY
He took a bunch of files and documents that Wakefield left on his desk for him. Not related to the case. When he got back to his own office, he found a handwritten memo on the bottom of the stack of documents. He had inadvertently taken it from Wakefield's desk. A copy of the memo is attached to the affidavit.
(examining the documents)
He made a copy of the memo...

224 EXT. WASHINGTON POST BUILDING - HIGH ANGLE - DAY 224

of Gray and Darby walking into the building.

DARBY (V.O.)
And placed the original in the same position under the files on his desk.

225 ROOM WINDOW IN MADISON HOTEL ACROSS STREET - DAY 225

Sneller observing them through binoculars. He puts them down and goes to the phone.

226 INSERT - CLOSE SHOT - VIDEO CASSETTE 226

that was in the envelope, now PLAYING on a VCR.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED: 226

CURTIS MORGAN (V.O.)
I would swear I'd never seen it. The memo was from M. Velmano, a senior partner. It was dated September 28, directed to Wakefield, and read:

CAMERA PANS OVER TO TV screen next to the VCR.

It FILLS the THEATER SCREEN. We see Morgan talking.

CURTIS MORGAN (V.O.)
(reading from the memo)
Sims:
Advise client, research is complete and the bench will sit much softer if the old man is retired. The second retirement is a bit unusual. Jensen, of all people. Advise further that the pelican should arrive here in four years, assuming other factors.

INT. WASHINGTON POST CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Gray and Darby are watching the tape, surrounded by the top editors of the paper.

CURTIS MORGAN (V.O.)
There was no signature.

GRANTHAM AND EDITORS' POV OF TV MONITOR - DAY

CURTIS MORGAN (V.O.)
After I copied it, I folded my copy of the memo and placed it in a desk drawer. Ten minutes later, Wakefield stormed into my office, very disturbed and pale. He scratched around my desk, and found the memo. He asked if I had read it. No, I insisted. 'Evidently, I mistakenly picked it up when I left your office,' I explained. 'I had no idea until you just reached for it that it was there.'
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED: (2) 226

CURTIS MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(beat)
Then Justices Rosenberg and Jensen were killed. There is no doubt in my mind it was the work of Mattiece and his associates. The memo does not mention Mattiece, but it refers to a 'client.' Wakefield had no other clients. And no one client had as much to gain from a new court as Mattiece. I don't know who will see this tape. I'll be dead, so it won't really matter, I guess. But if the sleazy lawyers are watching this tape, then you can all go straight to hell.

INT. WASHINGTON POST - CONFERENCE ROOM

Gray, Darby and the editors.

The tape is over.

Silence.

SMITH KEEN
(to Darby)
How does it feel to bat a thousand?

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

Darby looks at Smith. A good man, a bright man, a shrewd man, who has absolutely no idea of what she's feeling.

227 INT. HOOVER BUILDING (WASHINGTON) - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 227

Voyles is on the phone. At the same time, he is going over papers.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
Mr. Voyles, this is Gray Grantham of The Washington Post. We're running a story in the morning detailing a conspiracy in the assassinations of Rosenberg and Jensen.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED: 227

Voyles looks up from his papers.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
We're naming Victor Mattiece, an oil speculator, and two of his lawyers here in town. We believe the F.B.I. knew about Mattiece early on, but refused to investigate at the urging of the White House. We wanted to give you guys a chance to comment.

228 INT. WHITE HOUSE - COAL'S OFFICE - DAY 228

Coal is on the phone.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
Are you familiar with the Pelican Brief?

COAL
(slowly into phone)
I am.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
We're running a story which, in summary, verifies the facts set forth in that Brief. And we have confirmed that Mr. Mattiece contributed in excess of four million dollars to the President's campaign three years ago.

COAL
Four million, two hundred thousand, all through legal channels.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)
We also believe the White House intervened and attempted to obstruct the F.B.I. investigation into Mr. Mattiece, and we wanted your comment, if any.

COAL
The White House emphatically denies any direct or indirect involvement in any aspect of this investigation. You have received some bad information.

Sound of ELEVATOR DOOR OPENING over a stunned Coal.

229 INT. LOBBY OF WASHINGTON POST NEWS ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - ELEVATOR - EVENING 229

Voyles with K.O. Lewis and two agents in tow. They exit the elevator.

230 INT. NEWSROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DARBY AND GRANTHAM - EVENING 230

Gray is on the phone.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
White and Blazevich.

GRANTHAM
Marty Velmano's office, please.

SECRETARY (V.O.)
Mr. Velmano's office.

GRANTHAM
This is Gray Grantham with the Washington Post, and I need to speak to him. It's very urgent.

SECRETARY (V.O.)
One moment, please.

The noisy, busy newsroom suddenly goes silent. Darby and Gray look up.

231 DARBY AND GRANTHAM'S POV - WIDE ANGLE - NEWSROOM - EVENING 231

Voyles and his entourage, in a historic moment, cross the newsroom to Smith Keen's office. People stop what they're doing to gape. It is as if Voyles and his entourage are walking through a still photograph.

232 INT. SMITH KEEN'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING 232

Smith and the editors with Voyles and his entourage.

SMITH KEEN
(handing Voyles a copy of the draft)
Why don't you and Mr. Lewis read a draft of the story. Mr. Grantham wants you to have the opportunity to comment.

233 INT. WASHINGTON NEWSROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DARBY AND GRANTHAM 233

Gray is still holding the phone.

VELMANO (V.O.)
This is Marty Velmano. What's going on?

GRANTHAM
We're running a story in the morning about your client, Victor Mattiece, and his involvement in the assassinations of Justices Rosenberg and Jensen.

He holds the phone so Darby can hear.

VELMANO (V.O.)
Great! We'll sue your ass for the next twenty years! You'll be named as a defendant. This will be great! Victor Mattiece will own the Washington Post! This is fabulous!

GRANTHAM
I don't know if you've heard of the Pelican Brief. We have a copy. We also have a copy of a memo you sent to Sims Wakefield, dated September 28, in which you suggest your client's position will be greatly improved if Rosenberg and Jensen are removed from the court.

VELMANO (V.O.)
I notice you've waited until five o'clock. An hour earlier, and we could've run to court and stopped this damned thing.

GRANTHAM
Do you deny you wrote the memo?

VELMANO (V.O.)
It's a frabrication.

GRANTHAM
There's no lawsuit, Mr. Velmano, and I think you know it.

VELMANO (V.O.)
You son of a bitch.

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED: 233

The PHONES CLICK. They are listening to a DIAL TONE.

Smith Keen walks over to Gray's desk.

SMITH KEEN
I'd like the two of you in the office with Voyles.

234 INT. SMITH KEEN'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING 234

Smith, Gray and Darby enter.

SMITH KEEN
This is Darby Shaw.

VOYLES
So you're the little lady who started this great brouhaha.

DARBY
You're confusing me with a friend of the President.

VOYLES
I have some comments for the record.

235 INT. COAL'S OFFICE - EVENING 235

His assistant enters. Coal motions him to shut the door.

VOYLES (V.O.)
First, we received a copy of the Pelican Brief two weeks ago, and submitted it to the White House on the same day.

Coal goes over to the assistant. Both their BACKS ARE TO THE CAMERA when Coal speaks. We do not hear what they're saying.

VOYLES (V.O.)
But it was not considered high priority in the investigation until Mr. Gavin Verheek, Special Counsel to The Director, was found murdered in New Orleans.

The CAMERA COMES AROUND TO Coal's and the assistant's faces. It is as if the assistant has been whiplashed.

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED: 235

VOYLES (V.O.)
At that time, the F.B.I. immediately began a full-scale investigation of Victor Mattiece.

The assistant leaves the office, followed by Coal.

236 INT. COAL'S OUTER OFFICE - EVENING 236

He says something to his secretary and exits.

VOYLES (V.O.)
At this time we are attempting to locate him.

237 INT. WHITE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - EVENING 237

Coal walks quickly through it. In the b.g., we see the assistant walking just as purposefully in the opposite direction.

238 INT. WASHINGTON POST - SMITH KEEN'S OFFICE - EVENING 238

GRANTHAM
Did the White House interfere with your investigation of Mattiece?

VOYLES
I'll discuss it off the record. Agreed?

SMITH
Agreed.

239 INT. WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION ROOM - EVENING 239

The President is in the midst of a staged photo op with a foreign dignitary.

VOYLES (V.O.)
Last Wednesday, the President asked me to ignore Victor Mattiece as a suspect.

The President and the foreign dignitary beam at each other as flash bulbs go off and TV cameras roll.

VOYLES (V.O.)
In his words, he asked me to back off.

240 INT. WASHINGTON POST - SMITH KEEN'S OFFICE - EVENING 240

VOYLES
I have a tape, which I will not allow anyone to hear unless the President first denies this.

SMITH KEEN
What do you do now?

241 INT. WHITE HOUSE - RECEPTION ROOM - EVENING 241

Coal, standing behind the reporters and photographers. His face reveals nothing as he waits for the President to finish.

VOYLES (V.O.)
There'll be a grand jury by noon tomorrow. Quick indictment.

COAL'S POV - PRESIDENT

as he rises, shakes the foreign dignitary's hand and his press spokesman dismisses the reporters.

VOYLES (V.O.)
We'll try to find Mattiece.

BACK TO SCENE

Coal comes up to the President. The President introduces him to the foreign dignitary. Coal shakes his hand and beams appropriately. He whispers something to the President, who nods, but otherwise shows no change in mood. Coal exits.

242 INT. WHITE HOUSE - OUTSIDE OVAL OFFICE - EVENING 242

We are looking THROUGH a window INTO the lighted office. Coal is pacing up and down. The President comes in and shuts the door. He goes over to Coal. We see, but can not hear, as Coal tells the President the terrible news.

243 INT. KEEN'S OFFICE - EVENING 243

VOYLES
I'd like to spend a few minutes alone with Ms. Shaw. That is, if she doesn't mind.

DARBY
I'd like Mr. Grantham to stay.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED: 243

The editors and Voyles' entourage leave.

VOYLES
What's next for you?

DARBY
Who killed the man who masqueraded as Gavin Verheek?

VOYLES
You mean the assassin, Khamel. Off the record, the man who killed Khamel is a contract operative hired independently by the C.I.A.

DARBY
(quietly)
Rupert.

VOYLES
He's probably got twenty names.

GRANTHAM
Why was he following her?

VOYLES
I think the Brief initially scared Gminski more than the rest of us. He probably sent Rupert to trail Darby, in part to watch, and in part to protect.

GRANTHAM
She was followed to New York, and she's convinced they're here.

DARBY
They're out there. And they're not all C.I.A.

VOYLES
We can help. What do you want?

DARBY
I want to leave the country, but when I do, I want to make damned sure no one follows. Not you, not them, not Rupert nor any of his pals.

VOYLES
Alright. We'll get you out of the building, we'll put you on my plane and fly you anywhere you want.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED: (2) 243

VOYLES (CONT'D)
You can disappear from there. You have my word we will not follow. But you must allow me to contact you through Mr. Grantham here if, and only if, it becomes urgently necessary.

DARBY
Let's do it like this. I get on the plane, and it's headed for Denver. And no one is on it but me, Gray, and the pilots. And thirty minutes after we take off, I instruct the pilot to go to, let's say, Chicago. Can he do that?

VOYLES
He has to file a flight plan before he leaves.

DARBY
You're the director of the F.B.I., and you can pull some strings.

VOYLES
What happens when you get to Chicago?

DARBY
I get off the plane alone, and it returns to Andrews with Gray.

VOYLES
And what do you do in Chicago?

DARBY
I get lost in a busy airport, and catch the first flight out.

VOYLES
When do you wish to leave?

She looks at Gray.

DARBY
(to Voyles)
I'm ready now.

244 EXT. WASHINGTON POST - NIGHT 244

Seen from a HIGH VANTAGE POINT ACROSS the street.

Darby and Gray emerge from the building, surrounded by six armed FBI men using their bodies as shields.

245 INT. MADISON HOTEL ROOM ACROSS STREET - NIGHT 245

Sneller, at the window, reaches for his binoculars.

246 EXT. WASHINGTON POST - SNELLER'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - 246
- NIGHT

Darby and Gray, surrounded by the six FBI men. The binoculars SWING OVER TO other FBI men, guns at the ready, keeping their eyes on all the tall buildings facing the Washington Post and its parking lot.

247 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT 247

A lone man crouches at the ledge, his rifle next to him. He picks up binoculars and looks through them.

248 ASSASSIN'S POV THROUGH GUNSIGHT - NIGHT 248

Darby and Gray walking towards the parking lot, surrounded by the FBI men.

The IMAGE SWINGS BACK TO the Washington Post and UP, as the assassin SWINGS his binoculars AWAY before putting them down. The binoculars PASS THROUGH them so fast that we barely see the images of men on the roof of the Washington Post.

249 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT 249

The assassin reaches for the high-powered rifle next to him, but stops before completing the motion. He reaches for his binoculars again and looks through them, aiming at the roof of the Washington Post.

250 ASSASSIN'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - NIGHT 250

On the roof of the Washington Post, looking back at him with a high-powered infra red camera, taking his picture with a long focus lens -- is one FBI man. Next to him is another with his gun pointed at him.

251 EXT. WASHINGTON POST PARKING LOT - NIGHT 251

Darby and Gray get into the van with the six FBI men.

The van moves out into traffic and away.

252 EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - NIGHT 252

Voyles watches as Darby and Gray are escorted to the FBI plane.

253 EXT. ATLANTA AIRPORT - NIGHT 253

As the FBI plane lands.

A special van comes up to it.

The door opens. Darby steps out. Gray appears in back of her.

He starts to follow her down the steps, but she stops him.

CLOSE SHOT - GRANTHAM

watching her.

254 EXT. ATLANTA AIRPORT - GRAY'S POV - NIGHT 254

Darby gets into a van. The van drives off towards the terminal.

CLOSE SHOT - GRANTHAM

devastated at seeing her go.

BACK TO SCENE

He gets back into the plane. The door shuts behind him.

255 INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT - NIGHT 255

CAMERA CLOSELY FOLLOWS Darby in the crowd, then RISES HIGH ABOVE, as she is lost in the sea of people hurrying to their destinations.

256 EXT. COAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 256

Voyles' limo drives up. Voyles and two agents jump from the rear of the car and walk to the front door. Voyles holds a newspaper. He bangs the door with his fist.

The door opens. Coal stands there in pajamas and a robe.

Voyles hands him the newspaper.

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED: 256

INSERT - WASHINGTON POST - FRONT PAGE - NIGHT

A picture of the President hugging Mattiece underneath an enormous headline: "SUPREME COURT ASSASSINATION PLOT REVEALED. POSSIBLE OBSTRUCTION OF JUSTICE."

257 INSERT - FOUR TELEVISION MONITORS - DAY 257

The screen is divided into four boxes, the screens of FOUR TELEVISION MONITORS.

They contain images from the morning news shows, jumping from the White House to the Supreme Court, from White & Blazevich, to the Hoover Building. The sound jumps from one to the other and back again as an unseen person switches back and forth.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The President and Coal watch the debacle.

258 EXT. ENDLESS SEA 258

Unlike the sea that delivered Khamel, this one is warm and sunny, sensual, inviting.

CAMERA does a ONE HUNDRED-EIGHT DEGREE PAN, REVEALING a pristine beach, a tiny cottage above, and finally Darby, laying on the sands, eyes closed. From the richness of her tan, she could almost be a native.

A dark shadow moves over her.

She opens her eyes in fear.

DARBY'S POV - GRANTHAM - DAY

still in the clothes he must have traveled in.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY - DAY

Her fear turns into happiness.

Her arms reach up to him.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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